

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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General.

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UP HILL AND DOWN HILL.

*"We spent our years as a tale that is told,
The days of our years are three score years and ten;
and if by reason of strength they be four
score years yet is their strength labor and sorrow;
for it is so: a out off, and we fly away!" —
Psalm 90.*

LIFE is a fleeting thing. In youth, it seems an eternity; in old age, it seems but a breath of a moment's passing. Life is a mystery to all. Many

ambitions. He enters upon life with music and song. In the vigor of life, full of action and desire, he counts nothing a difficulty, he mounts upward towards the mountains of this world, where he thinks true happiness can be found. To be above the rest, to have a wide view, to have the applause of the crowd, to have money to purchase what the heart may desire—all these things can be had at the high places of the world, where the crowds worship their idols in the groves and set up their golden calves.

Upward he toils. The haunts of his

he reaches the top and worships at the shrines of the gods of this world. But the wine turns to gall, and the apple to wormwood, and the freedom he boasted of is license, which forges the strongest chain, link by link, wherever its victim is bound.

What an awakening! Here Satan, for once in every man's life, appears without disguise as the Prince of Darkness, and it is here that the beckoning call of angels is heard in the soul.

Many a man has turned in despair from that place. His music has ended, his hair has whitened, his steps are faltering, and chewing the cud of the irretrievable past, he travels down towards the valley of humiliation. But ere he reaches the grave he has again the call to repentance. In this valley the prodigal son came to himself. Here Nebuchadnezzar was restored to reason and government. Here David washed his garments from the stain of his greatest sin. But, alas! here also Saul turned and lost his soul.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

How few people know the value of

time! On the one hand there is the lamer who trifles with, kills, and "passes away" time, and goes to the grave with a wasted life's record; and on the other hand we have the man who always rushes and hurries. No time but for his business; no time but for the stock exchange; no time but for his fads and fancies. So day after day is filled with little nothings, thousands of them, and the soul shrivels and shrinks; the spirit dries up, and death finds but a man who has missed all that life is worth living for.

"Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," is the Divine guidepost to life's success. It stands at every crossing of the road. It is the only way to happiness, usefulness, and peace. Travel that road and you will find heaven's music to cheer you. You will meet with weariness, with storms, and obstacles, but "He will give His angels charge over thee." They will guide you safely, and His presence will be your light in darkness. Wait not until sin's dregs have embittered your life, but to-day seek God, and find in Jesus your Saviour.

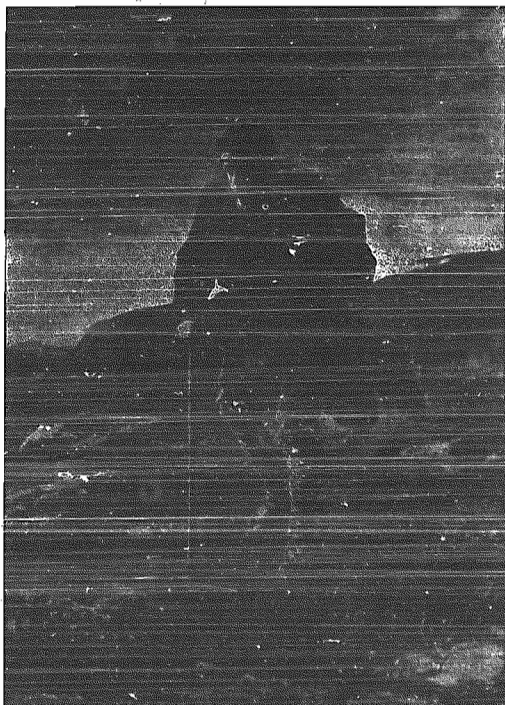


"UP HILL."

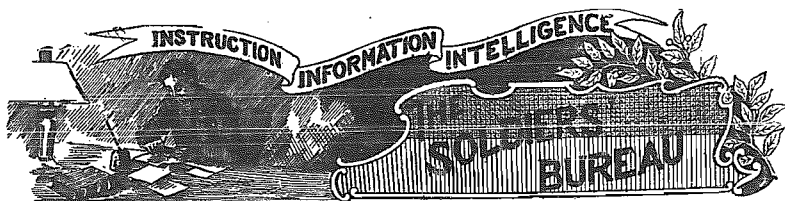
secrets have been unravelled by the mind of man, but the secret of life is with God alone. WE ARE, that we know; WHENCE WE CAME, we know not; WHERE WE JOURNEY TO, we may decide. God has given us the choice of our future dwelling-place. A wonderful power it is that God has given to the soul, to choose between eternal bliss and eternal woe! Oh, that every soul would feel the tremendous issue of this choice! The boy starts in life with hopes and

childhood are left behind. A praying mother, a loving father, and restrictions of any kind, are left behind as he goes up the mountain, and in the newly-felt "freedom" he feels his chest expand and a flush of pleasure gives new strength to his tired feet.

Upward he toils. The road grows steeper and rougher. Life's path becomes thorny, and the hedge of sin and evil desire keeps him in the path that now seems more of a torture than an enjoyment. But on he must press till



"DOWN HILL."



The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—THE PLACE OF PRAYER.

"We went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made."
—Acts xvi. 13.

Love like a lodestone, draws the heart to the place of prayer. Prayer keeps the heart open. Christ never found it hard to gain admission into the hearts of those who were off in prayer. Thus Lydia, Cornelius, Nathanael—types of such different natures—received Him gladly. Prayer finds the shorter path into the light. God is ever waiting, and the moment the heart assumes the attentive attitude, the Father is able to reach His child.

MONDAY.—THE LAW OF THE LORD.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple."
—Psalm xix. 7.

Just as disobedience destroys the power to believe, so obedience prepares the way for the perfect working of the Word of God. Submission is the key which opens the door to spiritual knowledge, and gives the soul the freedom of the Kingdom of Grace. In the Gospel words, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." This is Christ's one condition.

TUESDAY.—THE HUNGRY WORLD.

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him."
—Acts xvii. 27.

The light has come, and still some "love darkness rather than light," but because they yet bear the battered impress of the image of God, and because in them still faintly stir the Divine breath, nothing less than God can satisfy them. His children never find rest unless at home. In the whole world there is none so restless, so hungry, so wretched, as the soul that has once tasted God's love and has gone back to the beggarly elements of sin.

WEDNESDAY.—THE FRUITFUL TREE.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."
—Psalm i. 3.

Those who envy the happiness of the saint should not overlook his sorrows. Envy has done its worst against him, neglect has striven hard to blight the springing of his early promise, and he has turned them round to advantage, and thriven by their aid. Wintry winds have but driven his roots deeper into the soil; the pruning knife has but made him richer in fruitfulness. Am I willing to pay the price of such perfection?

THURSDAY.—JESUS OR DIANA?

"So that not only is our craft in danger . . . but also the temple of Diana . . . despised."
—Acts xix. 27.

Many men reject Christ because He is too expensive. The "Way" is far too narrow for them and their unfiled grins. There is no denying that the Gospel makes some men poor, yet Demetrius and his friends thought that they were only clamoring for their rights. This is the string that Satan seldom pulls in vain. But self-interest is too subtle to show itself alone. It is ashamed of its own company, and hence it is always found ostensibly fighting for the rights of others.

FRIDAY.—THE CRY OF THE CONTRITE.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."
—Psalm xxxiv. 10.

If for a moment we were tempted to

four that God was indifferent to our prayers, these words would dispel the doubt. Jacob at Bethel was a fugitive, but as a fugitive all heaven bent over him in profound interest. There is no desolation in the praying heart, for in the desert God is with you. To John in Patmos, while he prayed, the rocky strand became like the shining floor of heaven.

SATURDAY.—A LIVING EXAMPLE.

"Ye know from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons."
—Acts xx. 18.

Paul knew that a man's words weigh just as much as his character. If the people have no respect for the man, they will have little regard for his message. A teacher is interpreted by his actions, and eloquence is a poor substitute for integrity, while his actions turn even silver speech to dross.

What a Soldier x Should Know.

Wealth Spells "Obligation."

There is no moral character in either wealth or poverty. A man is not a bad man because he is rich, or a good man because he is poor. It is not the possession of money that makes a good or bad character, but the use that is made of it. Any Soldier who may possess more earthly goods than are required for the support of himself and his family is under the most solemn obligations to devote such surplus to the advancement of the Kingdom of God, knowing that thereby he follows the shortest, surest, and most effective method for promoting the highest good of those about him, both for this world and the next.

The True Use of Money.

It was never intended by the promise in the "Articles of War" "to give all I can," that Soldiers should be required to cease to give money which they had promised to any benevolent institution; but a Soldier is of course expected to set the one purpose of the War continually before him, and to prefer to spend all spare cash in this one direction, so far as it can be done consistently with promises made before he knew the Army. It is as much the duty of a true Salvation Soldier to use his money for the Salvation of the world as it is for him to employ the gifts of speaking, or thinking, or any other that he may possess for this purpose.

Spending Money for the Kingdom's Sake.

It follows, then, that a Soldier who has property or money or a large income will supply the wants of his family; that is, keep them in health and strength, and supply the necessary education, and meet such further needs as appear to him necessary for their welfare—in short, qualify them most efficiently for helping Jesus Christ to save the world. And when he has set apart as much of his income as is required for this purpose, he will give up the remainder to the interests of the Kingdom. It does not necessarily follow that a wealthy man shall at once distribute his surplus capital for Salvation purposes, but if he does not, it does follow that he shall invest it in such a manner as will lawfully produce the largest income, and that he shall then devote the surplus income to helping the Kingdom of God.

It is my highest wish to find *within* the God Whom I find everywhere *without*.—Kekeler.

The day of diligence, duty, and devotion leaves us richer than it found us.—W. E. Gladstone.

The Children's Basket.

"To What Kingdom?"

The King of Prussia, while visiting a village in his land, was welcomed by the school children of the place. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, he asked:—

"To what kingdom does this belong?"
"The vegetable kingdom," said a little girl.

The king took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up, asked:—
"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom," said the girl.
"And to what kingdom do I belong then?"

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as she thought he would, lest his majesty should be offended. Just then it flashed into her mind that "God made man in His own image," and looking up with a brightening eye, she said:—
"To God's kingdom, sir."

The king was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

BREVITIES.

He who will not bend shall be broken.

—//—

He who flatters men is corrupt at heart.

—//—

He who climbs not above himself shall never sit in heaven.

—//—

It is for many too late to-morrow, because to-day is too soon.

—//—

Have more religion in your heart than you carry in your head.

—//—

Let thy words be few and thy heavenly and mighty deeds be many.

—//—

Beware of hardening thy conscience by frequent heating and cooling.

—//—

The time of man is his portion, and woe unto him who spends it in vain.

—//—

It is always a duty to enlighten conscience; it is never a duty to disloyalty it.

—//—

Keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

—//—

A good conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.

—//—

There is a worm in the bosoms of men which, if not destroyed, will destroy them.

How Major Babbie Won His Victoria Cross.

Helping the Wounded at Colenso.

The following paragraph describes how Major Babbie won the Victoria Cross for bravery at the battle of Colenso. It was a noble deed:—

Still the cry went up, "Hold fast to the guns!" and when the last forlorn hope had been attempted and had failed, the green valley was littered with the wounded, the dying and the dead. Near

by the guns was a donga, and into this many of the wounded had crawled. The gallant who took up the news of the disaster reported the need of help for the injured. To this call Major Babbie at once responded as a volunteer. His duty did not take him to the battle itself. He rode down to the Inferno. He might as well have ridden before a row of targets during the smartest moments of a rifle practice. Three times was his horse shot under him before he reached the donga. Here, in the face of a galling fire, he dragged the wounded into shelter, and a little later he ventured out under a rain of lead to bring in Lieut. Roberts, the only son of Lord Roberts, who was lying in the open, desperately wounded. For some seven hours Babbie kept by the wounded in the shallow donga, no one daring to lift a head above the edge of the dip. He alone had a water-bottle, and he doled out what water he had in a sixty minim measuring-glass. He was also able to relieve pain by morphia, and when not otherwise occupied, he sheltered poor Roberts' face from the scorching sun by holding above it a letter he chanced to have in his pocket. It was not until darkness was setting in that it was possible to venture from the scant shelter the donga afforded.

The bravery exhibited by the Major, in the interest of the bodies of those poor sufferers, is surely an incentive to more devoted effort on the part of those whose supreme life-duty is the caring-for of dying souls!

Points to Remember.

Green vegetables should be boiled as fast as possible, so in this way their colour is preserved.

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Eggs should be kept in a cool place, and if they are beaten in a cool room the desired froth will be obtained more quickly than if they are whisked in a hot kitchen.

—•••••

A little salt added to beaten eggs will make them stiff.

—•••••

A teaspoonful of vinegar added to the water in which meat is boiled makes it tender.

—•••••

Lemons can be kept for two or three weeks by putting in a deep basin and covered with cold water.

—•••••

All vegetables, with the exception of old potatoes, should be put into boiling water.

—•••••

Flour absorbs all odours, so should be always kept closely covered.

—•••••

Before chopping parsley, it is well to dip it into boiling water, and then dry it in a clean cloth. This improves its colour, and will kill any chance insect there may be in it.

When not to Eat

Half the people we know have violent attacks of indigestion because they will persist in eating hearty meals when in an exhausted condition. They never seem willing or able to realize that there are times when the system is in no fit state to grapple with a full meal. They come in tired and hungry, almost ravenous, not thinking that maybe a good deal of what they consider hunger is gastric irritation, then sit down to a table covered with the substantial of life, and deliberately go to work and overtax the already overstrained vital powers.

No person should ever eat heartily when very tired. The wisest thing to do is to drink a cup of hot water with three teaspoonfuls of milk in it, sit down for five minutes, and then begin slowly eating, chewing thoroughly. In a little while the vigor of the stomach will come back, and all will be well.

If this course were followed, there would not be one case of dyspepsia which now there are a dozen. It seems to be the most difficult of all things to properly control the appetite. It seems to be the master. It requires will-power to get it under control. When once mastered, something important has been accomplished in self-discipline.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

I.—Husbands and Wives Alike.

A LIBRARY I have written, and the "War Cry" has published, a series of papers under this title. These articles, I have been given to understand, have proved helpful to many comrades, and therefore I am encouraged to deal week by week, after the same fashion, with other aspects of the subject. That they may prove equally useful is my earnest desire.

In commencing with an article that I have named "Husbands and Wives Alike," I wish to make my remarks applicable to both parties in the marriage contract. And first, let me say that married life ought to be a happier and more useful form of existence than any other. Alas! I am much afraid that this is not the usual experience; and the reasons why the state often falls short of the expectations so commonly cherished concerning it are not far to seek. Anyway, I think I can give some counsels which, if followed, will help to the realization of at least a measure of the blessedness so fondly associated beforehand with matrimony, and thereby tend to make it answer the end which God had in view in its institution:

1. Happiness in Married Life will depend with every salvation upon its being begun and carried on in the Will of God. Remember this. If it is not of God, has not His blessing, and is not for His glory, it will come to worse than nought. But, if it is of God, it will prosper, and neither men nor devils can prevent it.

There may, and possibly will be, poverty, persecution, affliction, and I know not what other tribulations, associated with it some of which, if not all, if so, they will only work out the Divine purpose, bring blessing to others, and eternal honor in the skies to husband and wife. See to it therefore, that God is worshipped, loved, and obeyed from the beginning till the end of your union.

2. Remember, also, that happiness in the Marriage State, will be found to depend very much upon the joint performance of the Duties arising out of it. The husband cannot neglect his share of the work required by the family without the wife suffering; neither can the wife neglect her share without entailing misery on the husband. If, for instance, the husband refused to work for the support of the household, the wife and the family will starve, and if the wife does not earn for the home, practice economy, prepare the food, or educate the children, the husband and the whole family will suffer in consequence. And so, all the way through, each must do their part, and do it with their might.

3. Continue carefully to cherish the affection for each other already in existence. Someone has wisely said, "Be lovers still." Love is delicately constituted, and, if it is to live and thrive, it must be carefully guarded and encouraged. A great deal of the love of married life is lost, however, if it is perished from neglect. If you cultivate it, you will have an abundant harvest; if you do it violence, or even leave it untended, the thorns will choke it, and it may ultimately perish.

Oh, love is the choicest treasure of your marriage outfit! All the gold and silver in the coffers of a millionaire will not purchase love; the powers of an emperor cannot win it; the learning of a scholar cannot discard it; the wit of the most inventive genius the world ever knew cannot manufacture love.

Love will make your house glad, whether it is a cottage or a mansion; love will smooth the roughest road you may be called to travel; love will take you back to whatever burden you may have mutually to bear; love will make you equal to whatever situation you may have to fill. The love of courtesy is precious to you, but the pure and mature love of marriage should exceed it. I loved my bride before I took her to the altar, but I loved her more, and derived more happiness from my love twenty years after that interesting event. I

beseech you to take heed to your love. Encourage it, and whatever else may come or go, don't let your love for each other fade.

4. Resolve, and hold on to your resolution, to hear and forbear with each other's faults and infirmities. Do not be disappointed if you each find that you have not married an angel. You will have been told indeed if you have not discerned certain failings in each other beforehand. And you will be certain to make further discoveries in the same direction as you come to know each other better.

These imperfections, whether of temper or taste, whether infirmities of body or deformities of mind, will, at the time, doubtless call for the exercise of all the patience you can command; but it must be forthcoming, or greater evils still will follow. You must accept yourself on God for the supply of all the wisdom you will need, and in nothing will He be more willing to give you an abundance of grace.

5. You must agree to differ on unimportant matters. Half the quarrels and divisions in married life begin with disagreements over trifles. Be content to have your own views and opinions on things that do not affect your individual consciences, or threaten to interfere with the real welfare of your family. It is the height of folly to wrangle about nothing, especially as you never know to what end and consequences such wrangling may lead.

I remember bearing of a man and his wife who, sitting at supper one evening, watched the mouse run across the floor and disappear. The husband said it ran into that hole; the wife said, "No, it ran into that," pointing to another. The husband replied that he was confident the mouse ran into the hole that he had indicated; but the wife responded that she was equally confident it did not. And so the altercation went on, until it rose to high words, with a bitter quarrel following, that resulted in separation.

Seven years they lived apart, and then a reconciliation was effected, and they were happily reunited. A few days afterwards, sitting at supper in the same room where the first dispute took place, one of them, referring to the original quarrel, said, "But the mouse did go into that hole," and the other replied, "No, it did not," and they quarrelled again, and parted, never to be reunited in this life.

Every reader of this paper will say, "How exceedingly stupid it was to disagree over such a trivial thing! But, are there not in many families, almost every day, disputes over matters quite as unimportant? True, they may not lead to such disastrous results, but there is the possibility of their doing so. And, even if there were no such danger, how unlike the Spirit of Jesus Christ it must be to engage in these contentions.

6. If differences should occur between you, let each be willing to bear the blame. It is not uncommon to hear the husband, under such circumstances, say, "Well, it is my fault," and the wife is not seldom that we hear the wife, in a similar manner, laying all the blame of the quarrel upon her husband.

Now, in the majority of family jars, everybody will know that there are faults on both sides. It may not be always so. I have known many wives who, for long years, have endured treatment of the most unjust and cruel character with uncomplaining patience and submission, the blame being wholly laid on the husband's side. I have known husbands who have been called to suffer all sorts of wrong at the hands of their wives, without making any evil return. But, although the blame-worthiness may not be equally divided, some part of the fault will be ordinarily traceable to both parties.

To end differences when they exist, to drive away the devil of discord as speedily as possible, and to promote concord and peace between hearts so nearly allied as are those of husband and wife, must be truly a religious duty. To attain this end, the first opportunity should be taken to effect reconciliation, and it cannot be done so quickly or so

effectively in any other way as by either party finding out where they may have been to blame, frankly acknowledging it, and asking forgiveness for the same.

It is said that John Wesley, on a certain occasion, had a rather serious altercation overnight with the preacher who traveled with him as his servant, in which some very high words were spoken on both sides. The next morning, on meeting Mr. Wesley, the latter asked, "Well, John, have you made up your mind to ask my forgiveness for what transpired last night?" John steadily said, "No," upon which Mr. Wesley responded, "Well, then, John, will you forgive me?" John immediately broke down, acknowledged where he had been at fault, supplicated Mr. Wesley's pardon, and they were better friends than ever.

The command of the Lord to "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is peculiarly applicable to disagreements existing between husband and wife. Both should be determined never, under any circumstances, to sleep until there is peace between them—that is, where peace is possible.

(To be continued.)

THE INDIAN FAMINE HORROR.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

A few days since (writes Lieut. Colonel Nurnani), an editor of an Indian paper called on me to ask my advice as to what places he should visit to form a just idea of the famine. I recommended him to go to Dohad, in the Panth Mahals. This visit he has written an account of in the "Times of India," which is so true and graphic that I enclose it.

In this town we are opening a Kitchen, by which we will feed about three

hundred of these poor, starving wretches daily. This is in addition to the Grain-Shops we have at present:

On the 14th inst., I visited Dohad (writes Mr. F. C. Aldre), a large native town about a hundred miles east of Ahmed in Gujarat. I am somewhat at a loss to know how to begin anything, like a perfect description of this visit. On reaching the station, I was informed by the station-master that large numbers of the people that had been on Government Relief Works there had been, two days before, removed to another place, twenty-five miles distant. "But," said I, "if you want to see anything of the work of the famine, you have only to step down by our first signal, and you will see the bodies of two persons who started to death there two days ago!" He deputed a porter to act as guide through the native city, where we went first. Such sights met my eyes! We had never thought that such a state of affairs ever existed in India. On every hand were

sometimes a youth or an infant. The sun beat down almost unbearably. The wind carried the sand in clouds. There was scarcely any noise, though there were many people. They sat or lay quietly in groups of from five to fifty, beneath the trees by the roadside. Often one had fallen alone, and was left there to die as he had fallen. The living, the dying, and the dead were all together. If one died in the centre of the group, no one attempted to remove the body. Why should they? All have at or laid down there to die, and only by one they meet their death—they wait for it. They are hopeless, so they resign themselves to their awful fate.

Passing on through the city about a mile, we came to its eastern boundary. In the bottom of the dry river-bed and over its banks were scores of the dead bodies of persons who had starved to death. In many parts of the city dead bodies were found. In one place lay the dead body of a woman who had died two days before. The heartlessness of those who are within a stone's-throw of the sufferers, and who could help if they would, is very manifest. Many we found dying of thirst within half-an-hour's walk of the door of some rich Mohammedan or high-caste Hindu, who, until almost forced to do it, would not turn a hand to alleviate the sufferings of the dying.

It was dreadful to look upon the faces of the small

Children who had Starved to Death.

marks of infant beauty, intermingled with those indicative of a painful death, were traceable. What deaths they have met! And near them, on every side, sat others enduring the same terrible sufferings, and awaiting the same terrible end. Is anyone responsible, and will anyone have to answer and say why it was permitted to be so?

The missionaries are doing much, and I would do more if they had the means.

As we walked about these quiet streets, we saw deserted homes, and faces, and dead bodies—so many that I had lain so long in the streets and by-ways, that we had to breathe through a well-wadded handkerchief. We longed to be able to picture the sufferings of



A Famine-Stricken Family in India.

See people who to those who have laid by their wealth, not for one "rainy day," but for thousands of them. One sight would be sufficient to open the long-closed purse, and thousands will pour out

Blessings on the Givers.

Lying in the midst of one of these groups was the fresh carcase of a child. We concluded that the flesh had been a dinner ticket for the crows. We saw many carcases, but the peculiar situation of this one brought to our minds what sort of nights the living-dying people must pass in battling with those hungry scavengers. We saw many who were almost too weak to raise a hand, and who, we are sure, could not defend themselves in the event of an attack by a jackal or a hungry dog.

We saw a dog feasting on the body of a woman. What must be the state of mind of these people who sit day after day in sight of these awful scenes, knowing full well that they are to be done away with in the very same manner? They have neither life nor strength to defend themselves.

The Dead and Dying.

Sometimes it was an aged person

A Leaguer at the Front.

(Extract from a letter.)

Dear Major,—Could you let me know the kind person's address who sends me the War Cry? It comes from Newbury. I would like to thank them for it, as it has been such a blessing to my soul.

How sorry we were to hear of Adams' death. We all miss him. He was such a blessing to us. Many a time he has placed his hand on my shoulder and given me a word of cheer when things have been looking dark.

On the 27th of February, I went on escort duty to Cape Town, and on my return to the battalion, I called in at the hospital, Naarupoort, and saw him there. He was looking very sick then, but he said it was well with his soul. I have had a letter from my mother to say that my brother has been taken prisoner in the battle of Colenso, on the 15th of December. No doubt you have

"Yes, sir."

I got rid of them all, and if I had had a few more dozen I could have given them all away, as everyone wanted one. I heard one man say, "Ah, that's good, the War Cry, there is some good reading in that." At the present time I am attending hospital, so I am not able to get to town, but we have a Soldiers' Home in the camp, and at 6:30 p.m. they start singing hymns until 7 p.m. You can ask for any number you like, so last night I called for 127, "Jesus, keep me near the Cross," and instead of "hymn" 127, I said "song" 127. One of the members said, "He's a Salvationist, I can tell."

I miss my Bible very much. I lost everything while we were at Slingersfontein—War Cry, and a book, and even the "Housewife" that you sent us. All fell into the hands of the Boers. I do pray that they will read and study the book and the War Cry.

Believe me to remain, fighting and trusting in God's strength.

—Sunshine.

A Trip Through the Lindsay District.

"All-aboard!" and the train goes swiftly flying in the direction of UxBRIDGE, the first visit of the tour. At Marikhan the Major is joined by Lieut. Trickey, of Riverside, who had been collecting for S.-D. at that place. At Uxbridge we were met at the station by Capt. Liston, and this ministerial brother takes us to his quarters, where Mrs. Liston is preparing tea. We had a good open-air. In the hall the Major spoke on "A trip to Europe." He gave from this subject a very interesting lecture. The people listened attentively. Afterwards a census meeting was held at the nurseries.

A couple of hours on the train next morning, and we find ourselves being greeted at FENELON FALLS by Capt.

up for the meeting. A good time was spent.

Early next morning on fly wheel to Colcock and boat to LINDSAY for week-end. We met Capt. and Mrs. Hanna looking quite happy. Saturday, as we had open-air, hundreds stood around. The important feature of the meeting was the presentation by the Major of the new Lindsay Colours. Sunday, knee-drill, a feast to our souls. Afterwards a talk to the children was enjoyed. The holiness meeting was a time of blessing, when the Major spoke effectively to a good crowd. Afternoon, a good open-air, and then free-and-easy. Some lively testimonies were given. At night we went out again to lift up Jesus Christ to dying souls round about. Inside a good crowd gathered, and the Major's topic was, "Who is a fool?" In the prayer meeting two young men and a woman found pardon. A grand march around the hall and general wind-up ended the day's light.

Early next morning Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, and Omemee corps united for an excursion, per steamer Crandella, to INDIAN VILLAGES. We left Lindsay about 7:30 a.m. with Omemee and Lindsay comrades, and stopped at Fenelon Falls about 9:30. About a hundred settled down for some music, furnished by a string band. A little later the Major led a profitable meeting on the boat. About 2 p.m. we heard someone say, "There's Indian Village." A short walk after landing brought us into the village. As we only had two or three hours, the Major determined to make the best of the short space of time with our comrades, starting an open-air. Testimonies were given and songs sung. Bro. "Steve" with tears told how he no longer went at the fire-water that made him and all around him unhappy, but was happy in God's service. It would do you good to see the Indians giving in the open-air collection. One by one they marched into the ring, some with the hats off, and dropped their coins. Over \$3.00 was taken in a few minutes. One took up his hand to be prayed for. An important feature of the visit was the Indian names given to Major Turner, Captain Trickey, and others. Major Turner was called "Wah-hamming," meaning "Morning Star." Captain Trickey, "Ogemahung," "Chief of Music." After tea another meeting was conducted by the Major, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Archibald, who has been resting at Lindsay, and others, also spoke. A soldiers' meeting, with about fifty present, was also held by the Major. Oh, what a time! A little later we found ourselves entering Fenelon Falls and Lindsay. Our next meeting was in Capt. Braut's domain. (By the way, in a late issue of the War Cry, we found in the Mission Column, a photo of Capt. "D. O. Braut.") We claim no reward that may be offered, for we found him on the wharf at Lindsay, just about to take the Crandella, to go on our Army excursion.)

A good time was spent at OMEMEE. Good visit, of Milbrook, and comrades came over.

Wednesday morning we returned to the city, after having received and we believe given out, blessing to those whom we met on the trip around the Lindsay District.—Capt. Ogemahung.

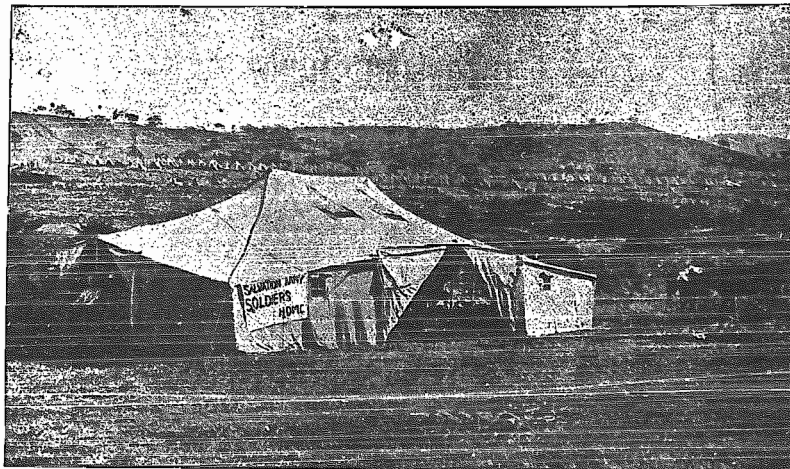
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

OUR RESCUE SECRETARY ... IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

The series of meetings led by Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read far surpassed expectation for crowds, enthusiasm and finances. There were also some souls saved. Mrs. Read excelled herself, and captivated all with her social address. Judge Morrison, Sir Robert Thorburn, and the Honorable Mr. Cowan, Minister of Finance, delivered splendid addresses at the great Social gathering in the British Hall, on the magnificent work accomplished by the Army. Newfoundland troops hail the news of the Commissioner's promised visit. Self-Denial a triumphant victory.

BRIGADIER SHARP.



A SALVATION ARMY SOLDIERS' HOME AT THE FRONT, SOUTH AFRICA.

heard by now of our long march, from Donkers Poort to Bloemfontein. We left there on the 21st of March, and arrived here on April 4th. We were getting three biscuits, canteen of coffee, and meat that had been killed about four or five hours. We had no coats. One camp we reached about 11 o'clock at night, and there they told us the water was not fit to drink, as it was poisoned. How I thanked God that I was drinking at the Livingstone Stream, and that instead of killing us, it was giving us new life. Yes, Major, I have proved, during the time that we have been here, that God is able to keep us through it all. There is a verse in Hebrews xiii, where it says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and I have proved it to be true.

Since arriving here in Bloemfontein, we have been having some good hallelujah times. There is a nice hall in town, and, of course, the Worcester lads have found it out—trust them for that. We have had some nice meetings. We commenced at 6:30 and close 7:45, as the people have to be indoors by 8 p.m., and we have to be in camp by 8:30.

Capt. Anderson, and Lieut. Warwick, are in charge. They have been with the Third Division. Capt. Anderson and myself paid a visit to hospital yesterday and saw Bros. Howe and Lowe, who are in hospital with fever; they are improving, and before parting with them we got down and had a word of prayer that God would keep him safe.

Last Saturday Bro. Lamb and myself went round the Wiltshire Regiment distributing Crys. We had a sack full of them. How eager the men were to get them!

On Sunday morning Bro. Lamb went round the camp with Crys. I went up to the hospital with an armful, and I met the doctor outside one of the tents, and he said, "Are you giving them away?"

"Where are those from?"

"War Cry, from the Salvation Army, sir," I said.

He said, "Are you giving them away?"

A FRESH-AIR MOVEMENT

A Fund will be Raised and the Salvation Army will Assist.

A meeting was held in the city hall on Friday to make arrangements for the raising of a children's fresh air fund. Among those present were Lady Schultz, Mrs. Southall, Mayor Wilson, Ald. Bell, Mr. E. F. Stephenson, Dr. Inglis, and Rev. Mr. McKim.

Lady Schultz presided, and expressed hourly approval of the work. Dr. Inglis suggested that a fund should be raised to assist in taking poor children out into the country for a short season during the hot weather. Mrs. Southall, on behalf of the Salvation Army, agreed to take hold of this part of the work. In reply to Lady Schultz, Mayor Wilson said he could not promise aid from the city until the matter was discussed in council. Rev. Mr. McKim seconded Dr. Inglis' suggestion of tents for the children, and Ald. Bell thought the Salvation Army was the best means for handling the matter, instead of a separate organization. This suggestion was seconded by Mr. E. F. Stephenson. Mrs. Southall agreed that if the funds were provided the Army would take charge of the work and leave their books open to inspection. Mr. Stephenson moved that the Army take the work, and have an account rendered weekly. This carried, and the meeting adjourned. From the Winnipeg Tribune, June 30th.

The Heavenly Railway.

A preacher, who was a great smoker, closed an eloquent address on Christian activity by exclaiming: "Brethren, there is no sleeping compartment on the road to God's glory!"

An old lady in the front seat, who knew the minister's appreciation of the word, responded: "No, brother; nor smoking compartment, either."

"In Prison and Ye Came Unto Me."

(An Interview with a Former Prisoner.)

III.

Bro. Daniels is a converted man, and a good glance into his face will tell you so. His story is a sad one, but since his conversion has taken place in the Central Prison, even his incarceration was a blessing in disguise to him.

Bro. Daniels is at present a very valuable assistant to Staff-Capt. Archibald in looking after the spiritual needs of the prisoners, and giving them every other assistance that may help them after their discharge from the prison. He was a wonderful help to his fellow-prisoners ere he was discharged. But we are going ahead of our interview.



BROTHER DANIELS,
A Trophy of Grace.

Staff-Capt. Archibald brought him into my office one afternoon.

"It is the old story of drink," said Brother Daniels, "which brought me behind the bars. My father was addicted to the cursed appetite, and I soon began to like intoxicants. But I had a strong desire to live good, and left home one day to strike out for myself. For five or six years I lived a sober life, and then became a drunkard. For two years before my imprisonment I was

Totally Unable to Pass a Saloon

without having a drink. To obtain money for drink I committed a criminal offence, and was sentenced to two years in Prison.

Three months after entering the Central Prison I became very much troubled in my soul. I had been to the meetings held in the chapel, and for two weeks the heavy conviction I was under would not let me rest. At last in the anguish of my soul, I knelt one night in my prison cell, and cried to God to save me. He did it! Bless His name, there is no limitation of time, or place, or circumstances—I know He saved me in a felon's cell.

After another three months, during which time God's grace enabled me to live consistently, I was

Appointed Librarian

for the Prison. This is a position of trust, which I prized very much, and used to give some cheer and advice to other prisoners who were in trouble and distress.

The revival meetings conducted under the supervision and with the aid of different church members and the Salvation Army, were the means of a great number of genuine conversions.

I made a petition to the Minister of Justice for pardon, and backed by the Warden's recommendation, and Miss Booth's intercession, I was recently pardoned of half my sentence.

"Tell us something about the conversions which have taken place," we asked Brother Daniels.

"During the official revival meetings," Brother Daniels continued, "sixty-eight satisfactory cases of conversion took place, all of whom are living to this day consistent Christian lives. I have kept a register of them all, and I have letters from all that have left the Prison since their conversion; only one of them has gone back into sin, and his was a very difficult case. Some have gone to Winnipeg, others to the States, one to the old country, etc.,

but all write to say that they are on their way to Heaven yet, and mean to trust God in future, come what may.

"One man left last September, a hopeless case of consumption. He had but a sister in the U.S.A., whom he tried to find. He died in Syracuse Hospital, but left a splendid testimony of God's power to save.

"Another convert, who served a term of eighteen months, is now in a General Hospital, and is well respected as a Christian and useful employee.

"Here is a letter from our first convert, Ed. B. He had left wife and family to seek employment. Not finding any, he

Forged a Cheque

and was sentenced to six months in the Central Prison. He writes in his letter:—

"I am still putting my whole trust in our Lord and Saviour. It makes me feel heart-broken when I think of the long years I spent in sin, but I thank God that He did not cut me off in my sins. I can truly say I have found many true friends since trying to live an honest Christian life. . . . I want to help others in the good work. My wife has forgiven me all the wrongs I had done her. Thank God for what He has done for me and my family!"

"Here is another sad case. It is a lad who came from St. Louis to Canada. His father was a real estate agent, and well-to-do. The home was one of luxury and high living. Sports and gambling developed expensive tastes in the boy. The lad finally wandered away, and finding himself in want, committed larceny, for which he was convicted and sent to prison for six months. There he came to himself, and was soundly converted, but was

Ashamed to Write His Mother,

who was heart-broken, and had been seeking her boy everywhere. At last he yielded to my advice, wrote home, and received a reply from the mother, who gladly forgave the boy, and was proud in her thanks for the good work done in the boy's heart. The lad is now living a good Christian life in Manitoba.

"Here are two letters from a man who spent fifteen months in the Prison for

stealing a bicycle to get drunk. He used to drink whiskey by the quart. Drink brings ninety-five per cent. into prison. He sold his wife's clothes and furniture, but now is living a godly life, and his wife says she never saw such a change in any man as she has seen in him." (His letters are touching, but space forbids quoting the same.)

There is a convert now in the Central who has altogether

Served Twenty-three Years Behind the Bars.

Through drink he has been led into bad crimes, but to-day he is a changed man.

P. W. fell so low that he was utterly disgusted with himself. He had a lovely mother, whose training was good and beautiful, but through drink he fell to the very bottom of the ladder. He is saved and working in H—, where he is happy. He writes: "I refused a drink the first day I came out. The God Who saved me in the Central Prison saves me here now. . . . I can now walk past the hotels and smile at the devil. I have also stopped using tobacco."

Among the prisoners is also a minister who

Preached the Gospel for Twenty-three Years.

He said he never knew the power of God until he came into the Prison, and now praises God for his salvation. His conversion is very remarkable.

"Here, Brigadier," continued Bro. Daniels, handing us three or four letters which were full of earnest expressions of faith and trust in God, "here are some letters from the first convict that entered the Central Prison. He is now 76 years of age, and cannot count his convictions. His basement was drunk, but he came to God and found pardon and is now truly saved. He is now employed and his employer gives him an excellent testimony.

"This letter is from a man who is the only son of well-to-do parents. He got into a criminal career and has been in nearly every prison in the United States. He left the Central Prison an unconverted man, but under deep conviction, and it appears he is now doing well in a situation. I have every hope that he will be truly converted before this.

M. was sent to prison for beating a man, causing subsequent death, during a drunken bout. M. was a strong man, and possessed a ferocious temper. Once he became angered at a fellow-prisoner and dashed him to the floor, nearly killing him. But God broke him all up and he is now outside at work earning an honest and sober living." His letter is touching in its simplicity.

(To be continued.)



Captains Jennie and Maggie Howcroft,
Fenelon Falls, Ont.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton at the Temple.

Splendid day. One of the finest Sundays we have had. Major and Mrs. Smeeton led us on in excellent manner. Adjs. McGillivray and Wiggins helped. Finished up at night with seven in the Fountain. Finances tip-top. Everybody delighted.

Wisdom in a Nutshell.

Training is the art of gaining.

Quietness is the magnet of peace.

In forgiving a fault, we may inspire a virtue.

The man who stands for God is certain to sometimes stand alone.

The Gospel means not law over men, but love in them.

Temptation is the balance where character is weighed.

Beware of prosperity; luxury was the death-knell of Rome's vigor.

Knowledge and wisdom make a strong team when hitched together.

Those who worship wealth will lose in adoration before good clothes.

Where and When to Pray.

Pray as you read the Word that its promises may speedily be realized.

Pray in your chamber for the conversion of souls.

Linger there in long and earnest pleading.

Pray until your purse-strings loosen and your faith takes fire.

Pray until your children believe you and give their silver or themselves to the work.

Pray in faith, pray in obedience, pray in hope.

Pray till the promises are realized and hearts burn, and zeal is aflame.

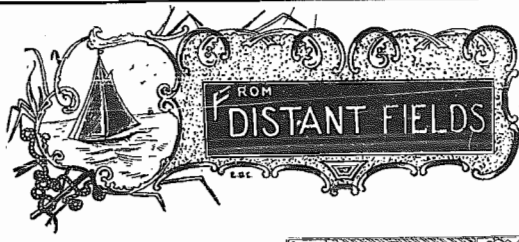
On Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is a day, we owe to others. There is an old tradition that a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth, and there are some people whose smile, the sun of whose voice, whose very presence, seems like a ray of sunshine to turn everything they touch into gold. Men never break down as long as they can keep cheerful. "A merry heart is a continual feast to others, besides itself." The shadow of Florence Nightingale cured more than her medicines; and if we share the burdens of others, we lighten our own.—Lord Abergyle.



AMONG THE INDIANS—AT THE TRADING POST.

Ensign Thorikildsen has Spent the Whole Winter Among the Indians at Glen Yowell, B. C.



The General continues to conduct tremendous salvation campaigns. Greenock, Rothesay, Govan, and Nelson have been visited. At the latter place 131 souls were captured.

The Chief of Staff's Corps-Cadet Camp at Haddleigh was a delightful affair. There were 400 present besides 50 Local Officers.

Commissioner Cadman, who for many years has had charge of the Social Work, now becomes the General's traveling representative.

Commissioner Riddell takes charge of Norway. There are other Staff changes.

Ensign Jones, of Liverpool and Scotch fame, goes to the United States to command a prominent corps there. Lieut. Hawley goes with him. Ensign Shipley goes to Malta to take charge of the Naval and Military work.

Commissioner Dowdle graced the General's platform at the Assurance Staff Council, and he whispered into Uncle Paul's ears: "Thank my comrades for their prayers." Mrs. Dowdle is a trifle better.

A Property Commission has just been held at Northampton to fully enquire into the condition, prospects, and improvements of the Training Army barracks in that Division.

The Life Assurance Department has had a phenomenal year. In '94, the premium income was \$2,000. Last year it was \$64,310. A council of 200 superintendents and Assistants was recently conducted by the General and the Chief of Staff.



The Chicago Democrat has invited the Commander to assume complete control of that paper for one day only.

The Commander has secured a moving picture representation of the famous Passion Play, and promises to place it at the disposal of any corps who desires it.

New York Headquarters have organized a Junior Staff Band, made up entirely of the children of Staff Officers. They had a pleasant time at a recent demonstration in Memorial Hall.

Major Blanche Cox has taken hold well of her new Division. A united officers' council has been arranged to be held in Troy in the beginning of July, to be followed later by another for the Connecticut officers. A day's outing for the waifs of Troy is also under contemplation.

Staff-Capt. Watson, of Denver III., an old Canadian warrior, has been awarded the Historic Guide for filling in his Self-Defence Guide Book in a most commendable manner. The Staff-Captain raised \$325 for the effort.

The "Summer Outings for the Slaves" effort is rapidly assuming vast proportions. Our forces in many of the large American cities are actively preparing for this big time.



The Commandant and Mrs. Booth have much improved in health, and are already hard at work again.

Great alterations are being made in the Memorial Hall, Adelaide. Other properties are being renovated.

Mrs. Booth composed a pretty little chorus while lying sick in the hospital.

Ensign Annie Cowden, who went to Australia from Canada with Mrs. Booth, is now in charge of the Rescue Home at Launceston.

Major Cunningham and Ensign Van Emmerik, late of Java, are taking a missionary tour on behalf of that country.

Capt. Johnson spent six weeks in Hamilton jail for "obstruction" (1) caused by holding an open-air meeting. He spent his six weeks gladly, knowing it was for Jesus' sake.

A new Home for Girls has been opened at Riddell's Creek.



Commissioner Higgins continues to visit the different centres of Salvation operations, and conduct great demonstrations.

The following facts and figures were made public at a big meeting held in Gomri, and indicate the progress of our work in Gujarat:

In April, 1899, Officers and Cadets numbered	440
In March, 1900, Officers and Cadets numbered	511
1. April, 1899, School Teachers numbered	33
In March, 1900, School Teachers numbered	93
In April, 1899, Corps numbered	100
In March, 1900, Corps numbered	191
In April, 1899, Day Schools numbered	120
In March, 1900, Day Schools numbered	169
In April, 1899, Banks numbered	1
In March, 1900, Banks numbered	12

While in the 12 months no less than over Rs. 2,000 had been raised for Self-Defence in the Central Indian Territory alone.

Adj. Daya Ratna has been chosen to take a party of twelve famine boys for a tour in Australasia. The Adjutant has been training the boys at Bareilly, and has sailed for Australia by this time. He is looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to again visiting New Zealand, the place where he "first saw the light."

Brigadier Hira Singh is in South India. He proposes to be in at the opening of two Village Banks in the Telugu Division, one Village Bank in the South Indian Territory, and returning to Bombay via Madras, to audit the Madras accounts.

A large and commodious Headquarters is under construction at Mavilaleral, the Headquarters of the Malabar Division. Staff-Capt. Wickham Singh, who is in charge, is making strenuous efforts to find the balance of money needed for its completion. One of our Puliver converts recently gave five rupees towards it.

The headman of a village, a Hindu convert of the S. A. has recently given a personal donation of Rs. 50 towards the erection of a substantial barracks in his village. The money was paid down to us in cash before the building was started.

Java.

During the absence of Major Cunningham, Staff-Capt. Browner has been on a small tour in the interests of "ways and means." At this kind of work there is only one Staff-Capt. Browner. May his faith and his "bike" fail not to carry him and his gettings back to Semarang in safety.

For the month of March 18 souls came to Jesus. This is a splendid catch. Soul-saving is a stiff thing in Java, therefore the 18 recorded make our hearts glad.

The comrades in Java are hoping that the Commandant's appeal for officers able to speak Dutch will bring a ready response.

Hawaiian Islands.

The National Headquarters, New York, have just received the complete Self-Defence returns from four of the Hawaiian Island corps. Considering that our comrades on the Islands have been greatly handicapped owing to an epidemic which, during part of the time, almost amounted to a plague, calling for strict quarantine regulations, they have certainly done remarkably well. The following are the results: Honolulu, \$392; Kulu, \$200; Hilo, \$124.15; Wailuku, \$100. Major Wood writes that Waimea, with a target of \$70, will probably reach \$100. Owing to the slow and irregular mailing facilities he has not yet received their report. On the whole, it will be seen that the Islands will go considerably over \$900, which is indeed very gratifying.

MEDITATIONS.

By ELIZABETH SWIFT-BREngle.

A Mother's Unconditional Surrender.

"I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life."

Here is another mother tinking arrangements with God beforehand about her little son. This time she looks to his soul.

When a woman "pours out her soul before the Lord," as Hannah did, she is in the spiritual condition where God wants her to be. Hannah had given up her grumbling and complaining against God's providences, given up her grudges against her proud and vexing rival, and had become a woman wholly abandoned to God—one whom He could trust. So now, God gave Himself to her: He consumed her evil passions on the altar where she had laid them, and by His spirit had made her a holy woman—one whom He could use to rear His future priest.

"Her countenance was no more sad," her heart looked out at her eyes, and that joy which is a fruit of the Spirit, lit up her face.

Hannah proved her whole-heartedness for God in a few years, by her literal and absolute surrender of her boy to His service. I have often wondered how she felt at letting the little, tender fellow go entirely away from her, when the roundness of babyhood must have been still on his face, and the solemn influence of a father's look yet in his eyes. She couldn't have helped a little doubt as to whether Eli's boys would be good to him, and whether Eli himself might not overwork him, I should think. But she kept her vow, just as it stood to her.

It is good that the Training Home does not want our boys quite so young, in this age, but God wants our children to be entirely His, and to be trained for Him as decidedly as Samuel was, from the time they are capable of taking on any moral impressions whatever. We are no less bound to this by His written law, than Hannah was by her uttered vow: we are more bound to it, if that is possible, because since then Jesus has died, the Holy Spirit has come, and we have accessible all the light and grace which can ever be shed upon this earth. The privilege and responsibility of making her children unchangeably God's are with every mother in her Christian life to-day. How many will rise to them?

The advanced thinkers of our age are calling out for educated, trained mothers, to redeem the race. God has been calling out from the dawn of time for good mothers, to do their part in redeeming His inheritance. He is calling you. There are few women in the world who have not to do, sooner or later, with children, either their own or someone else's—and all these children are yours, to do more than to say that no woman is fitted for the care or training of children unless she has become, "through sanctification of the Spirit," a free instrument in the hand of God.

"Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. To Whom we for our children cry: The good desired and wanted most. Out of Thy richest grace supply: The sacred discipline be given To train and bring them up for heaven."

The Moss Rose and Simplicity.

Krummacker illustrates simplicity in dress by a little fable:—

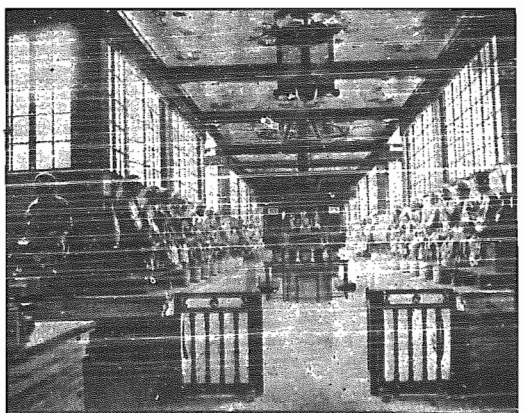
The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles them with dew in the still night, shivered on a Spring day in the shade of a rose-hush. When she awoke, she said, "Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy cooling and refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it."

"Adorn me, then, with a new charm," said the spirit of the rose-hush, in a beseeching tone.

So the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

Sweetly it stood there, in its modest attire, the moss-rose, the most beautiful of its kind.

So the costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling gem equal to the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.



TEMPLE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED GODS, CANTON, CHINA.

The Red Crusade of the Field Commissioner in East Ontario.

"Ta-turrah-ta-turrah-turrah!"

It was five o'clock in the morning when the bugle-call sounded for the start, and the cycling Crusaders wheeled their way eastward. The Commissioner had left an hour before to make the most of the cool of the morning.

At Odessa, the soldiers had prepared a very nice lunch, which we did ample justice to, also to the excellent dinner prepared by Adj. and Mrs. Kendall at Kingston.

The Limestone City looked very warlike. Soldiers and volunteers of every description were seen everywhere, and one might imagine himself at Cape Town. We heard that 3,000 soldiers were equipped near by for their annual drills and manoeuvres. The buildings of the city look substantial, and one can easily see that the city is not of modern mushroom growth, but has the venerable appearance of one with a

The Colonel led a very impressive holiness meeting at 11 o'clock. His straight and pointed talk was most appropriate, and did not fail to produce a profound effect. Eight souls knelt at the front for cleansing and power.

The tent was crowded in the afternoon. The War Cry song before the meeting was well taken up. "There is a better world, they say," was lined out by the Colonel, and went with a vim. Willie and Pearl sang various solos, to the delight of the crowd, and the Commissioner played a harp solo, followed by Brigadier Pugmire's solo, "Just tell her that you saw me," prefacing the solo with a brief explanation of the circumstances that led to its composition.

Miss Booth used a verse of "Rock of Ages," the most glorious hymn of the English language, as an introduction to her subject. For about an hour the Commissioner spoke with liberty and

light. Oh, the blessed sights of Sunday night! The Colonel was in his glory and kept things in a boil. There was no show for the "Sons of Rest" during these meetings, while the Colonel was about.

Good Monday and Fine Tuesday.

Colonel Jacobs conducted a very unique holiness meeting in the afternoon, treating his subject of Jacob's sanctification in a novel and striking manner. In the course of his remarks the Chief Secretary touched upon some people's pride of ancestry. He said, referring to Adam:

"I have nothing to be proud of; my great-grandfather was a thief, and was turned out of his situation for it."

After a good march in the evening, the meeting started with a swing. Willie and Pearl sang, and gave their



Secretary Wheelock, Kingston.

admirer Pugmire. The Colonel was the soul of most prayer meetings, and all the Crusaders worked well in different ways, contributing their share to the meetings. Of course Miss Booth was received with enthusiasm whenever she appeared. It is really touching to see and hear the manner in which the people seek to express their appreciation and love for Miss Booth. All along the route people would enquire when there was a chance to speak to the Commissioner, or even to see her pass.

-B. P.

At Sunbury

The Commissioner and Red Crusaders started at 10 a.m. for a big demonstration to be conducted in the afternoon in the above-mentioned place, which destination we reached about noon.

Great were the expectations of Capt. Gamalidge and her comrades, who had so faithfully toiled for the Commissioner's visit to Sunbury. For this occasion the plough was laid aside, the machines kept quiet, and the work-brothers cleaned. In fact, the population had declared a holiday on account of having the Commissioner in their midst.

Brother and Sister McDonald entertained the Commissioner and Crusaders, and had prepared a very inviting dinner, which came in very fittingly after the 12-miles' ride from Kingston, in the burning heat of the day. Quality and variety of this meal can only be termed A 1, and the weariness and emptiness felt in certain directions, and contracted in connection with the tedious ride, were soon matters of the past.

The few minutes to spare were spent for the improvement of our minds in a hurried visit to the chess-factory, which proved very interesting. This little establishment hands over to the market 120,000 lbs. of chess per annum.

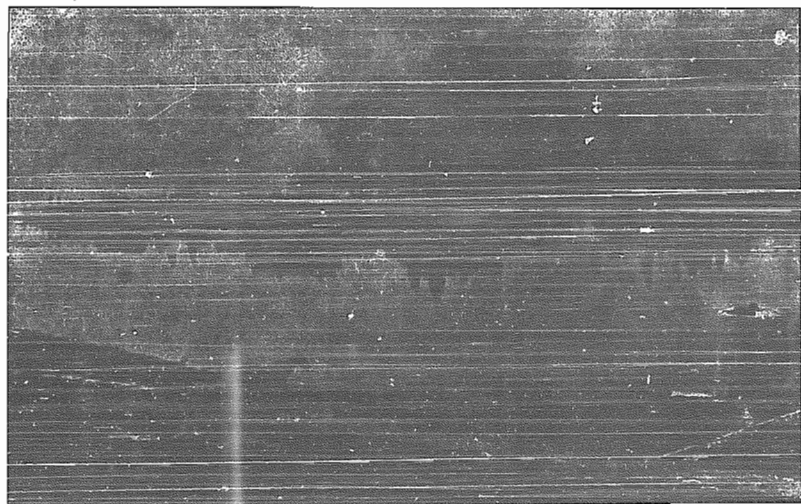
It is getting near meeting-time, and I might mention that every meeting so far in connection with the Crusade has been commenced on the stroke of the clock, therefore the Commissioner would not allow any exception to be made in Sunbury.

We are off for the meeting. A tremendous crowd greeted the Commissioner at the barracks. Everybody said what a neat place it was. It had just been newly painted and also very specially decorated with flowers, etc., for the Commissioner's visit. How delighted the people were, and how heartily they clapped and cheered.

(Continued on page 12.)



Bandmaster Downey, Kingston.



A VIEW OF KINGSTON, ONT., FROM FORT HENRY.

history, for around its forts was forced a settlement soon after the discovery of the great lakes, and Canada's invasion by European traders.

Kingston corps is seventeen years old. Its barracks is a substantial brick building in a central position. Adj. and Mrs. Kendall, whose wedding is of recent date, have a good hold of things. There are a number of soldiers of many years' standing. Bro. Wheelock, the present Secretary, has been Treasurer for many years. His home is always open to visiting officers, whom Mrs. Wheelock knows how to make comfortable.

Sergt.-Major Cunningham is the man for that position. Although not in the best of health, he does his best to uphold the interests of the corps, and his figure with soldiers and outsiders is much. Bandmaster Downey is one of the leading locals, who is to the teaching and leading of the corps holds the position of J. S.

Kingston.

Kingston was most about. On Saturday morning, Jacobs led a lively open-air service, assisted by Brigadiers Pugmire and Friedrich, and the other members of the Red Crusade. A backslider with tears sought and found salvation.

SUNDAY.—The knee-drill, led by Adj. Pogo, was very well attended and made a good beginning to a successful day.

force. The large crowd followed her with great attention, and over two thousand eyes hung upon her lips to catch her sentences. She certainly justified all that her reputation may have led her audience to expect. Eight sinners knelt at the Mercy Seat, and eight names were registered that afternoon in the Lamb's Book of Life.

The Glorious Evening.

But the climax of the Sunday at Kingston was the night gathering. The Commissioner spoke with unequalled power on all the impossibility of the suggestion of her text: "Then art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Flight of time, space, and surroundings—everything, seemed entirely unnoticed by the huge crowd which, with hushed breath, listened to the Commissioner's address as the message of God to their conscience. Many hearts weighed themselves during that mighty address, and many stifled consciences spoke clearly, demanding recognition.

It was a glorious sight to see the penitents come to the front. Fishers were seen everywhere. Tears, sobs, shouts of joy, hallelujahs, choruses, and prayers produced a mingled music, sweet to the ears of angels and lovers of souls. Sixteen found the Saviour, many of whom were the Queen's uniform. The first one pulled out a pipe and tobacco when coming to the penitents' form, and sobbed most piteously. One or two of the converts turned round at once to help another comrade into the

bar-bell and flag drills, and captivated the crowds as usual, which gave liberal applause.

Miss Booth again took hold with a masterly touch. Her rising is the signal for immediate silence and undivided attention. Her illustrations appeal to the people's hearts, and her arguments and exhortations, clothed in eloquent and impassioned language, were convincing.

The prayer meeting was well fought out. It was quite a struggle to get the first two, and for some time it dragged on before others gave in. Finally eight souls sought salvation ere we closed for the night.

On Tuesday Miss Booth and the Crusaders visited Sunbury for an afternoon meeting, a full report of which follows below.

We all returned to Kingston for the evening. An excellent crowd was present at the final meeting. The meeting was most impressive. The Commissioner's address was not behind any in power and conviction. She was paid the best compliment which can be paid to a speaker—breathless silence. A feature of the meeting was a talk by Adj. Morris about the Klondike and our work there. His remarks were well applauded. Nine souls responded to the Commissioner's invitation, and began a life in Christ.

The meetings were rendered additionally attractive by the Commissioner's harp-playing, the string band, and the singing of Staff-Capt. Morris and Brig-



NEW FOUND- LAND PROVINCE

BRIGADIER
SHARP,
P.O.

LAMALINE.—We were just favored with a visit from our D. O., Adj. Newman, accompanied by Capt. Brace, of Fortune. We had a good time on Sunday. One backslider returned to God; and one prisoner on Thursday night. We have finished up our Self-Denial effort, and have reached our target all right. To God we give the glory.—M. Barry, Capt.

ARNOLD'S COVE.—Although not hearing from us in this part of the vineyard, yet Bro. Guy and Bro. Page have been laboring away for some years, and God has abundantly blessed their labors with souls. Now they can sing. They are rising and marching on. They march the streets with their large red and blue flag for Jesus. Had a visit from Capt. Bishop. He enrolled seventeen soldiers, making a total of nineteen at present, and more to follow. They are starting a barracks, and they are the people to build it. They are also believing for officers, as they have not got any yet.—A. W.

TILT COVE.—Since last report S.-D. has appeared on the scene. Its appearance so soon caused a little surprise, but, as good soldiers of the S. A., always ready to help in every good cause, we took hold of it in a proper Army style, and in a short time our target of \$100 was soon smashed to pieces. Two souls saved and the devil defeated. To God be all the glory.—L. Smart, R.C.

LITTLE BAY.—Thurs. smashed and smashed, and more than half smashed again. Our target was at \$12, and through naked faith and holy living, we knocked down \$30.17. Mr. Editor! God, was it not? Sister Lacombe challenged Sgt. Luffman, and knocked out the Sergeant with a sweeping fight of \$1.55. To God be all the glory. Barracks in full swing. Believing for opening three weeks from now.—Yours for life or death by the flag, H. J. D. D.

BRIGUS.—We have just had a visit from our D. O., Adj. Boggs. The town was all in uproar outside, celebrating England's victory. After the march around the town, singing, "We will end this war down by the river," a nice crowd came to the barracks, and God gave us a good meeting. The Adjutant said good-bye to this part of the battlefield. One soul for the week. Sunday night God came very near. Soldiers said good-bye, and are gone to the fishery. War Crys all sold out.—Capt. Moulton.

PACIFIC PROVINCE

MAJOR
HARGRAVE,
P.O.

VANCOUVER, B.C.—While it is true there has not been much news from this corps for some time, yet we can praise God that we are not out of the land of the living. We have got over our Self-Denial and have come out with flying colors, gaining \$125 over our target, which was \$450. We have been able to rejoice over souls coming to God. On

Saturday night last we saw four young men come out and give themselves to God. And on Sunday night we rejoiced over one sister and another brother. We had also with us on Sunday four officers bound for Dawson City—Capt. Lloyd and Wilcox, and Adj. and Mrs. Barr. We were very pleased to see them and they have left a blessing behind them in Vancouver. Capt. Krell has got 5 ft. 8 in. of salvation, while Adj. Woodruff says he never will give in.—R. Norman, R. C.

NELSON, B. C.—We have got victory perched upon our banner again. Souls are getting saved all along. We have proved here in Nelson that God is no respecter of persons. When the meeting closed on Saturday night, one of the soldiers went and spoke to two Italians, and, blessed be God, they came to Him. Although they are not able to speak English very good, we believe they are properly converted. I hope and pray

that many more will soon come and forsake sin and the devil. Nine more held up their hands as testimony that they wanted to get saved, but no one yielded.—White Wings.

MISSOULA, Mont.—On Sunday last Capt. Zachary, who has been with us about three months, farewelled to go to Battle to help push on the war there. During her short stay here she has won many friends. Capt. Fisher was to have come here last week, but she has not put in her appearance yet. We are still believing that the Lord will send someone along soon to help Capt. Southall, who is all alone. Our D. O., Adj. Stevens, from Helena, was with us on Saturday night and all day Sunday. Everybody glad to see the Adjutant. He gave her a hearty welcome. On Saturday night we had ice cream and cake. Everybody happy. Net proceeds \$17. Weather extremely hot. Good open-air, but few in the hall.—J. H. Hurst, R. C.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.—Everybody in connection with our corps here are happy, notwithstanding the fact that Capt. Langill got her guitar stolen by some fellow who, to say the least, was mean. The meetings still continue good, both indoors and out. We were much pleased to have with us Rev. Chas. Ludner (Methodist) who spoke to some length in a very effective manner. God bless you. Come again, Bro. Ludner. Adj. and Mrs. Barr and Capt. Lloyd, en route from Winnipeg to Dawson City, spent some hours in Kamloops, owing to a bridge being washed away on the main line of the C. P. R.—Joe McGee, C. C.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

BRIGADIER
FUGMIRE,
P.O.

MONTREAL, II.—We are still fighting on in the name of the Lord. We are in for victory. One soul came to God on Sunday Night. Praise His name.—G. R. C.

BAIRIE, VI.—And still they come! Hallelujah! Lieut. Ludlow farewelled Sunday night, and two precious souls farewelled from sin. We had Captains Lowrey and Jones with us. Wednesday and Thursday nights. They gave us a treat with their stringed instruments and singing. "He didn't make us go against our will, He just made our will to go." This song was the favorite.—Zacharias.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

MAJOR
McNILLAN,
P.O.

DRAYTON.—Ensign Hoddinott, G.R. M. Agent, with us on Thursday night. He gave to an appreciative audience an interesting lantern service. We were all pleased to see the Ensign's similar race again. God bless him. Self-Denial target smashed.—Capt. and Mrs. Kerswell.

ESSEX.—Although the weather was very warm Sunday, we had good crowds at the meetings, and the soldiers turned out well. We are in to do our best to point sinners to the Lamb of God.—Mrs. Capt. Huntingdon.

RIDGETOWN.—Sunday and Monday, June 24th and 25th, we had our D. O., Adj. and Mrs. Coombs, with us. We had good meetings all day. God was very near and spoke to many hearts. On Monday night Mrs. Coombs gave us a lecture on India, which was very much enjoyed, although Mrs. Coombs was far from being well. God wonderfully sustained her, and at the close of this meeting one young woman volunteered out and gave God her heart. We wound up our special meeting praising God for victory. We all give the Adjutant and his wife a hearty invitation to come again. They will at once receive a hearty welcome from the people of Ridgeway.—Lieut. Cook.

BRANTFORD.—It is needless to say that the comrades of Brantford corps were very much surprised when word was received that Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond should farewelled on Sunday, 16th. Though their stay was brief, yet every soldier had learned to love them and expressions of regret were heard on every hand. The "good-bye day" comes and Ensign Hoddinott is present to participate. The meetings were good. In the night meeting, previous to Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond saying good-bye, Band-Sgt. Stevenson, L. of M. Sgt. Major Mrs. Shoemaker, Sgt. Maj. Daiken, Bandmaster Shoemaker and Treas. Beacraft spoke of the progress made in the different branches of work represented. The parting of our faithful officers moved many tears. On Wednesday our comrades arranged a farewell such it was. It was made chairman the heavily-laden of the ever Ammon. things provided evening was money. Each a regret at losing such and wished them God-speed. master Shoemaker read an address, which was replied to by Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond very feelingly. Adj. giving some good advice, urging all to be faithful to God and the Salvation Army. The meeting was brought to a conclusion by all hands and singing, "God be with till we meet again."—C. S. S.

The Temple of Fame.

"How far away is the Temple of Fame?"
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he toiled and dreamed of a deathless name;
But the hours went by and the evening came,
That left him feeble, and old, and lame,
To plod on his cheerless way.

For the path to fame is a weary climb
Up a mountain steep and high,
There are many who start in their youthful prime;
But in the battle of fate and time,
For one who reaches those heights sublime
Are thousands who fall and die.

The youth who had failed could never guess
The reason his quest was vain;
But he sought no other to help or bless—
He followed the glittering prize, Success,
Up the narrow pathway of Selfishness,
And this had been his bane.

"How far away is the Temple of Good?"
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he strove in a spirit of brotherhood,
To help and succour, as best he could,
The poor and unfortunate multitude
On their hard and dreary way.

He was careless alike of praise or blame;
But after his work was done,
An angel of glory from heaven came
And wrote on high his immortal name,
Proclaiming this truth, that the Temple of Fame
And Temple of Good are one.

For this is the lesson that history
Has taught since the world began:
That those whose memories never die,
Who shine like stars in our human sky,
And brighter grow as the years roll by,
Are men who have lived for Man.

EASTERN
PROVINCEMAJOR
PICKERING,
P.O.

GLACE BAY.—Not for some time has there been such a stir in town as that occasioned by the visit of the S. A. brass band from New Glasgow, on Monday. The band boys arrived by S. and L. Express and marched from Dominion, and after dinner played and paraded through the town. In the afternoon they proceeded to the station to meet Major Pickering and Capt. McElleney, from New Glasgow. In the evening a monster open-air was held on the corner, followed by a grand musical affair in the Victoria Hall. It is some time since we had the pleasure of listening to such a lengthy program of music—brass, string, and vocal—with an address from such an orator as Major Pickering. Income for the next meeting \$34. The band boys are a jolly good crowd of Salvationists, and we would only be delighted to have them visit us again. Everybody was delighted to see "the original and only Johnie Cameron." And what the matter with "Mac?" He's all right. The only fault we had with the Captain was that he went off the next morning to New Glasgow. The band was ably assisted, both day and night, by Bro. Chas. Cameron, from Dominion, with his cornet.—Yours in the war, Sergt.-Major.

HALIFAX I.—We have just emerged from our S.-D. effort, with very satisfactory results, taking everything into consideration. Our annual picnic and excursion to Birch Cove was quite a success. The day was beautiful, and everything passed off smoothly and pleasantly. The Lord is helping us in our work. On Sunday night Adjutant Creighton, of the Food and Shelter Depot, farewelled, also Lieut. Cameron, from Dominion, with his cornet.—May the Lord bless them. Five souls sought the Lord in this meeting. Hallelujah!—Treas. Cushin.

NORTH
WEST
PROVINCEMAJOR
SOUTHALL,
P.O.

EMERSON.—Just finished one week's special meetings at Littlejohn School-house. One soul: People of that district kindly got up an ice cream social for the officers' personal benefit, which resulted in getting a nice little sum. Beautiful time, and an immense crowd. Four souls at Ridgeville on Sunday night. Hallelujah! More to follow. Very busy.—Capt. Hector Habkirk.

OXBOW, N. W. T.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morrish, who left in the Spring for Oxbow, N. W. T., where they have settled upon a farm, were sincere and active members of the Salvation Army while here, and in their new home are zealously engaged in advancing the Master's cause. They began some time ago to hold meetings in their own house, but of late the attendance has grown so large that they have to be conducted out doors. In a letter received recently from Mrs. Morrish, she states that there have already been over twenty converts and that there is a bright prospect of more good being accomplished. The many friends in Clinton of this estimable couple will wish them success in the work which they have so much at heart.—Clinton News-Record.

MEDICINE HAT, N. W. T.—Our worthy correspondent favors us this week with a poetical report, with emphasis on the poetical! We recognize the budding genius of our correspondent, and would respectfully request that he try again. The corps is doing well, and hopes to have much success.

PRINCE ALBERT.—In spite of the hot weather we are doing our best for King Jesus and dying souls. One dear

brother, who had got cold, came in and got warmed up last week, and is now determined to make it warm for the enemy.—T. W. L.

CENTRAL
ONTARIO
PROVINCEMAJOR TURNER,
Asst. P.O.

STOBIE MINES.—We had good meetings all day on Sunday, and Monday found Captain and Lieutenant in Stobie preparing for an ice cream social, for Tuesday night. We had a good meeting and everybody was delighted with our ice cream. We cleared \$9 in our small place, Stobie Mines. I pray that God will bless me and use me for His glory.—Mrs. Thos. Pennicott.

RIVERSIDE.—Our week-end meetings were all right. It is an old battleground on the corner of Queen and Bolton, but the people never seem to get tired of the Army's efforts, which are put forth from time to time at this particular place. We had the pleasure of talking to one of the largest crowds on Saturday night that I have seen for many days. God spoke to many hearts. The intense heat made it rather uncomfortable for us East Enders in our tent during our Sunday's meetings, but with it all some men and women started to think of God, and one came to His bleeding feet to plead for mercy. We welcomed our new assistant, Lieut. Leggett, who rendered us some good service with his earnest and song. Pray that God will make him of much blessing in our midst. Amen.—One who was there.

Flashlights from London.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

The following recent changes will be of interest to our War Cry readers. Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond have farewelled from Brantford. Whinnipeg is their destination. God go with them. They have been faithful comrades, and our prayers go with them. We welcome Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray in their place. They are old warriors and we feel sure we can expect great things from Brantford in the near future. Ensign Collier has been transferred to the Social. Capt. Freeman goes on special work in the Province, and is succeeded at Berlin by Capt. Jarvis and Lieut. Greenstock in the north. Ensign Collier has been transferred to the Social. Capt. Freeman goes on special work in the Province, and is succeeded at Berlin by Capt. Jarvis and Lieut. Greenstock in the north. Ensign Collier has been transferred to the Social. Capt. Freeman goes on special work in the Province, and is succeeded at Berlin by Capt. Jarvis and Lieut. Greenstock in the north.

takes charge of Watford. Lieuts. Richards, to Stratford; Smith, to Goderich; Crawford, to Norwich, and Plant, to Bayfield. Carley on rest.

Promotions, — Lieuts. Ringler and Thompson don the red braid. Congratulations!

Capt. Haley has broken down, and has been compelled to take a two-months' furlough. In addition to this we regret to learn that his brother has just passed away. The Captain was summoned hastily home, but arrived too late—he had gone. Will every comrade pray for the Captain in this dark hour of sorrow. Capt. Burrows has also been compelled to go on rest.

West Ontario's S. D. Triumph

Victory again perches upon the banner of the W. O. P. Thanks to the untiring self-denial efforts of our noble officers and soldiers we are glad to say we have won the magnificent sum of \$250 over the Provincial target. Fire a volley! The following is an analysis of the firing record:

12 HITS. 20 SMASHES. 7 MISSES.

A glorious record, considering the difficulties confronted, and the fact that quite a few corps were undisciplined. Adj. McAmmond piloted his District through a good shape—every corps securing their target. Records:

3 HITS. 3 SMASHES.

Adj. Coombs was untiring in his efforts, and some remarkable feats were accomplished. Wallaceburg laid quite an experience, but Ensign Gamble and Lieut. Howard used their ingenuity, and smashed their target through the van. Hard fighting, this District leads the van. You have done nobly. Record:

3 HITS. 4 SMASHES. 2 MISSES.

London District has had a hard struggle, but comes out all O. K. Capt. Howcroft fought singlehanded at Stratford, and landed her target successfully. This is how matters stand:

1 HIT. 2 SMASHES. 1 MISS.

Petrolia District has a grand showing, with only one miss, and this is at a corps fighting under exceptional difficulties. Adj. Blackburn and his aides cannot be too highly commended. Here is their record:

1 HIT. 4 SMASHES. 1 MISS.

The hardest proposition was found in the Stratford District, one corps being without officers, and two others fighting singlehanded, but we rejoiced over the triumphs gained. Adj. Orchard and his gallant officers have put their whole soul into the fight, and the District has come through in a highly creditable manner.

4 HITS. 3 SMASHES. 3 MISSES.

Since District. Adj. McIvair's District comes out with flying colors. The following is the record:

4 SMASHES.

Bravo!

We would like to have individualized some of the more pronounced victories, but space forbids. We remember, however, that these, and all other records of Self-Denial, are noted down in the chronicles of the skies, and "inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye did it unto Me," has been put down to your eternal credit, comrades.—The Chancellor.

From a Central Prison Inmate

A Striking Testimony to the Dire Influence
of Strong Drink.

I gladly consent to you making use of the few undermentioned facts, which I have done my best to relate. I am the third son of a family of eight, and, up till 15 years of age, was brought up on a farm in Yorkshire, England, my father being what they commonly called a "farm foreman." At 15 years I enlisted in the British Army, in the 15th Regiment of Foot, and that is where my first trouble began as regards drink. I was shipped from Mitcham, Eng., to Belfast, where the famous Dublin Street is all the way. I can obtain this at 3 etc. a pint in the canteen, and although I only had one report against me for drunkenness the whole six years I was soldiering, I was drunk a good many times; being strong and

Able to Carry a Small-Size Keg

before it was noticed. In 1882 I volunteered for the 107th (2nd Batt.) Royal Sussex Regiment, then laid in Malta. I put in two years on the Island with my Regiment. That is where I got to like the drink more. We could buy one pint of good wine there for 4 etc., and I got a liking for this, and it was a daily occurrence for me to consume a couple of pints besides the Brewin of beer. In 1884 the 1st Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment laid in Alexandria, and were ordered to the front in the Soudan. The Regiment, not being up to war strength, was drawn upon for volunteers. I was one of the 240 men who volunteered. We proceeded up the Nile as far as Assouan, and in the meantime I drank a lot of native aric, which turns the tongue as black as coal. I drank lots of this. You can just imagine 126 degrees of heat on you, and this vitriol inside you! Imagine a eulander

With 200 Pounds of Steam on.

and you have a fair idea of my temperament! I was declared in Paris-month, Eng., after coming home, and was given a berth in H. M. S. Frison, Newcastle-on-Tyne, as Turnkey. This I did not keep but six weeks, when I left it of my own accord. I started for New York, and there I got work with a racing man, and that led to more drinking, gambling, and every other kind of vice. I have made twenty-seven trips across the Atlantic with horses, thoroughbreds, and where I was not set a-going for fair! I have drank, more or less, for 18 years, but the last year that I had my freedom, I don't think that I ever went to bed sober, and God knows it, as I write these lines. I have drank till I have vomited next morning, and thought I would die on the spot. I have drank till no kind of food would stay on my stomach, not even soda water. I would sober down a bit, but when I went to bed I could not sleep. I have

Struck at the Devil

times out of count, and I have jumped out of bed in these delusions and shouted for him to go away. I have gone to the bed and crawled on the gas and sat in a chair and lit my pipe, waiting for daylight, and then off to the nearest saloon to get stimulated up again. It was in this state that I was in when I fell over the side of the ship one night, on the sidewalk. I broke the wheel. I meant to throw it into the street, but it appears I took it home to the stable, and next morning if I had been promised a million dollars, I could not have told where I got it. God knows this is true. After I had it ten days I gave it to the police, and I was told there would be nothing more about it. I was arrested, charged with theft, and given nine months. I was unable to speak for myself, the state that I was in, and any judge could see that I was

Either Mad or Going Mad.

But I thank Almighty God to-day that I am spared, and that I have found the light of understanding, and of grace and mercy, and I know when I leave the Central Prison, on the 24th of June, I have no fear of the drink. I know I am safe from that. May God keep and guide me. Without His help I can do nothing.—Your humble servant, James Vasey.

O man, either appear what you are or be what you appear.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. MADDEN.

(Captain J. Madden was once a Toronto H. Q. Boy, and is now in the U. S. Field.)

The Red Crusade.

(Continued from page 9.)

What about the meeting? It certainly was a good one. Bro. McDonald, on behalf of the soldiers, friends, and community, welcomed the Commissioner to Sunbury, and the audience again very enthusiastically gave vent to their feelings for the honor that had fallen upon them.

Can I say anything about Willie and Pearl? Yes; they did splendidly with their so-attractive and appealing little songs.

Staff-Capt. Morris was then called upon for a solo. He sang his new song, which is so full of meaning, "More about Jesus," after which the Commissioner took the reins, taking for her "test." "The man with the withered hand." Although very weak physically, naturally arising from the great strain brought upon her in connection with the heavy tour, the Commissioner very ably held her audience for over an hour. I cannot attempt to describe the way in which the Commissioner brought before us an "ever-present Christ."

Very much to the regret of the Commissioner, as of all present, but of necessity, the meeting was to be a short one, seeing that preparations had been made for a final demonstration to the so-successful campaign at Kingston.

It was very thoughtful indeed for Bro. and Sister McDonald to prepare some refreshments for the Crusaders before leaving Sunbury.

At 5:20 we left for Kingston.—W. C. A.

Napanee.

"It's an ill-wind that blows nobody any good," some sage has said, and probably if our course had pointed exactly in the opposite direction to what it did, we might have moralized on the above with that philosophical acquiescence so cheap when likes and laws walk side by side. But alas for philosophy! The wind and our way were at variance—it seemed to have made up its mind to retire from the North-West with all speed at the same moment that our agenda bade us seek that point. Hence the wind and the wayfarers.

Met on the Road.

The former was going at the rate of about sixty miles an hour, the speed of the latter was "mixed and express," chiefly "mixed."

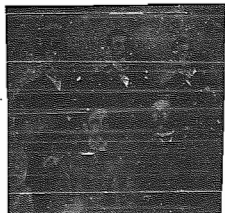
Up to Odessa the progress was slow but sure. Here a welcome halt was made at the hospitable home of Mr. Storer, where a well-spread breakfast board appeared to cheer drooping Crusader spirits. Cups of cold water are paradisaical presents to parched throats, but when it comes to coffee and cake, and cereals, meat and fruit, to say nothing of ice-cream, and that confection so specially dear to some noble palates, lemon pie, surely the reward will be in proportion. God bless Mr. Storer and his kind household for their generous thought. One event of tragic interest transpired in this house in

The Sudden Descent of a Fragile Rocking-Chair

and a heavy-weight Crusader, but as the former came off second best, we prefer to further chronicle it.

We draw a veil, as the "penny-liner" puts it, over the rest of the journey. The "few words" before-hinted-at between the wind and the wayfarers came to open hostilities. Between ourselves, we sorely think that the former acted quite fairly. It stole our caps and conquered our breath, and more than once attempted to confiscate our wheels. Then, had it not the meanness to call in the assistance of the nightmare of a cyclonic dream, and while "throwing dust in our eyes," take possession of wheels, wits, and wisdom. But the subject awakens too painful memories to prolong it. A freemasonry of sympathy between the various sections who, for once, took the road together, forbids us detailing the herculean efforts, heroic life-line apparatus, and pathetic incident of the ambulance corps—only before we quit the subject let us beseech any friend of the Crusaders never to whisper to them about, "gentle zephyrs" again.

Despite the travelstains and bruises which more than any Crusader carried us relic of the morning's untoward journey, the tide of expectation was



Adj. Alward, Ensigns Bloss and Stalger, Capt. Shanley, and Uncle Jack Morgan, as they appeared in a special meeting recently in Spokane.

rising. Since the onset of the campaign we had seen some eighty souls step into deliverance, and every soldier, friend, and Crusader felt that Napanee must not fall behind. The meetings were amongst the most successful so far conducted. Despite showers and thunder, the crowds were large and representative—in fact, Miss Booth's visit was

The Talk of the Place.

The children's drills and solos took the

of children's voices raised in a welcome song.

This was the Commissioner's first visit to Pictou, and the event was a much-appreciated and long-looked-for one. A representative crowd were in waiting to do her honor. Through a line of white-robed Juniors, each of whom presented a tiny nosegay of roses, the Commissioner was escorted to the carriage by Mr. McMillan, whose guest she was to be. Section II. veered its way—it was rather a muddy one—to the quarters, which we took by storm. Had Mrs. Dugan Wynn been of a timid disposition, her breath might have been taken away by the invasion of the Crusaders. As it was she

Won Golden Opinions

from everybody's gratitude by getting breakfast for all at five minutes' notice.

The afternoon's meeting was an ancient extension. We use the term advisedly, for the elite of Pictou were present, in addition to the Army's soldiers and regular adherents, who were proud and beaming countenance bespoke their appreciation of an event of such joy and honor. The Mayor read an address of welcome. Mrs. Wynn's curly-headed darling presented a bouquet of magnificent roses. Everybody smiled and clapped; some fairly alone with delight. The children executed their



MAJOR AND MRS. HORN AND FAMILY.

hearts of the people by storm. The Crusaders fought their fatigue well, and left lasting influences.

As to the Commissioner—once again she manifested that indomitable spirit, so characteristic of her, and surprised us as much by her energy as she inspired us by her talking, in some of which she excelled herself. It must be remembered that our leader not only takes such a lion's share of the public efforts, and is in the saddle for many miles on the road journey, but fills in intervening hours, which sleep might well claim as its prerogative, with the business and correspondence of responsibilities which, whether at Toronto or on tour, are inseparably her own. Notwithstanding this strain behind the scenes, the Commissioner comes up to each engagement full of fire and force. The penitent form was in evidence at all meetings, as it has been throughout the campaign, and was the scene of some definite transactions between Divine power and human need, which will best commemorate the Crusaders' visit to Napanee.

Pictou.

We were not supposed to call at Pictou, but we did. The alteration in our program had its source in a long interview which Ensign and Mrs. Wynn had with the Commissioner at Deerbrook, in which they so eloquently declared the many inducements why Pictou should not be left out, and so pathetically portrayed Pictou's blank disappointment if it was, that the Commissioner promised to re-arrange the program in its favor. One day from Napanee's three was extracted to give Pictou place. Hence it was that on Friday morning we found ourselves steaming across the lake towards this pretty town. Long ere we reached the wharf (for the latter part of our journey we and our wheels had done by boat) we could see

The Flutter of Children's Handkerchiefs and, as we drew nearer, catch the sound

drills to a new accompaniment; before they were half through the strains of the string band were almost drowned by roars of tumultuous applause. The Commissioner's address was listened to with rapt attention. It was clear and to the point. After acknowledging the reception, the Commissioner went straight to the one business which has been the motive of the whole campaign. If any had expected honeyed words and smooth-phrased truth, they were disappointed, as the Commissioner declared.

In Burning Language,

the glorious principles and possibilities of an uttermost salvation. The title of a celebrated painting

SISTER
INA GROOM,
Blenheim.

Collected \$12.25
for S.-D.

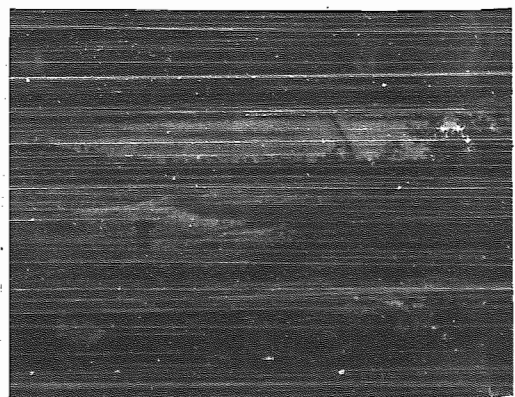
would aptly describe the night's battle. "In the teeth of the storm." Our old unfriendly acquaintance of the Napanee road turned up in furious vigor, and before meeting-time was blowing what the sailors call "great guns" around us. Shall we ever forget that night? A tree which we saw next morning, lying torn up by the roots, testified to the fury of the storm—it was a night when any outside effort was attended, not only with difficulty, but a degree of danger.—A. L. F.

A NUT-SHELL HISTORY OF KINGSTON

Kingston (population 20,000). The River Catarqui here joins the St. Lawrence. The Rideau Canal, the name by which the waterway between Kingston and Ottawa is known, was constructed, as a military work, by the Government of Great Britain, by joining the waters of the Catarqui River with those of the Rideau River, which flows into the Ottawa River at Ottawa. This gave a safe water route for troops and supplies from Montreal up the Ottawa River, and thence by this canal to Kingston, away from the exposed frontier along the St. Lawrence. West-bound freight followed this route from the time this canal was completed and the St. Lawrence canals were completed. Going east, the boats ran the Rapids of the St. Lawrence and returned by the Rideau Canal. The first settlement was made by the French at Kingston, in 1672, under De Courcelles. His successor, Count de Frontenac, erected Fort Frontenac on the site of the present Tete de Pont Barracks, which was taken by the British, under Colonel Blandstreet, in 1758. The present name, Kingston, was given by the United Empire Loyalists, i.e., British settlers who left the United States at the close of the war of 1776. It is the principal fortified position west of Quebec. The Provincial Penitentiary and Rockwood Insane Asylum are immediately west of the city. Queen's University and other colleges and schools have made Kingston an important educational centre. The public buildings generally and parks are extremely creditable.

What God has done for us is the most convincing assurance of what He can and will do for us as we need.

We want not time to serve God, but zeal; we have not too much business, but too little grace.



SEA RIVER FALLS, NELSON RIVER.



Lieutenant Bland,

Of Winnipeg Headquarters, Promoted to Glory.

A Promising Officer's Career Ended.

Lieut. Bland applied for the Field Artillery on May 14th, '98. He entered Rat Portage Training Garrison on August 15th, of the same year. He came to P. H. Q. office to assist the Chancellor. He had taken great interest in his work from the beginning, taking pains to make no mistakes. He would have made a splendid officer for the kind of work done at P. H. Q., as he had a good education.

On the 19th of May he complained of not feeling very well, and could not go with the bicycle brigade to Selkirk.

He was requested to see the doctor, but said he would be all right in a day or two. Monday, the 21st, he was persuaded to see the doctor, who ordered him to bed immediately, as he was in a very high fever. The next day he had to be taken to the hospital, and for 21 days he lay in a state of semi-consciousness. Typhoid fever made terrible havoc on his strong and robust constitution. On the 23rd or 24th he started to improve, and for three or four days he made rapid improvement towards recovery. He gained consciousness, and was able to talk to us. He was cheerful and expected to soon be back at the office. But on Saturday night, at 9 p.m., June 10th, he took a slight hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctor got it stopped, but another came on during the night, which proved fatal.

His brother, at Brampton, wired that his body be sent home, so arrangements were made accordingly. The body was looked after by Mr. Kerr, the Undertaker, to whose rooms a great crowd of people came all Sunday afternoon and Monday, to pay their last respects to one whom they had all learned to love.

He was given a real S. A. funeral, the first ever held in Winnipeg. The coffin was placed on a gun carriage, a small body guard marched in front, the pall bearers marched three on either side of the gun carriage. Behind came the Winnipeg S. A. band. The march from Mr. Kerr's rooms to the barracks, and from the barracks to the station, was impressive. "Tears" followed on the sidewalk, and as that procession moved slowly down the street, to the soft strains of "Hiding in Thee," played beautifully by the band, men and women's hearts were brought to realize their condition, and they had not been, no doubt, many of them, for a long time. Mrs. Major Southall conducted the service in the barracks (Thistle Curling Rink). A large crowd of people attended. Capt. Newbold, who was with Lieut. Frederick Bland, spoke very feelingly of Lieutenant Bland's devotion. When home, he made a point to be up a little earlier so that he could spend his usual time in prayer and Bible-reading.

Captain Fraser felt keenly Lieut. Bland's death, saying he was truly a man of God. He had visited him many times in the hospital, and found him when exhausted, cheerful, patient, and ready to go, if death came.

Adj. Cass, who accompanied the body to his home, read to the audience some words that he had found inscribed on the inside of the cover of Lieut. Bland's trunk, and could truly say his character was the embodiment of those principles.

Mrs. Southall read from the last chapter of Revelations, and spoke feelingly of Lieutenant's promotion, urging all present to be more devoted, closing with a request for all to stand and consecrate themselves afresh to God.

As I boarded the car his nurse came up (who, by the way, is a Roman Cath-

olic, and taking me by the hand, said, "I loved Mr. Bland. I never had a patient, the years I have been nursing, that I got so attached to. Oh, he was so good. Tell his friends, for me, that all was done for him that could be done, but he was too good to live, so God took him to heaven." This laid spoke the above words with tears.

He was taken from Brampton C.P.R. station Thursday morning, to the old Ebenezer burying-ground, and lies the last grave in the family plot. Although

LIEUTENANT
FREDERICK W.
BLAND,
Promoted to
Glory from
Winnipeg.

the service had to be held at an unseemly hour in the morning, there was a large turnout—about twenty rigs left Brampton for the ten-mile drive to the cemetery, and by the time we arrived there must have been nearly double that number. The Rev. Mr. Noxon, the Episcopal minister, conducted the service.

I endeavored to tell them of Lieut. Bland's career as an officer, as a sick patient, and as a brother, and when I told them what the Roman Catholic said, when leaving Winnipeg, many were in tears. By request for a song, I sang—

"Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hoisted the standard of mercy and truth;
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost,
He felt like a warrior, he died at his post."

NOTES.

The brothers and sister expressed, in no ungrateful sound, their thanks to me for the care bestowed upon their brother by the Army.

Lieut. Bland was loved by his comrades-officers and soldiers, and many were the letters of sympathy that came to him during his sickness.

The relatives and friends were very kind to me during my short stay, and many of them thanked me for coming down with the body—Adj. Cass.

Some Grateful Appreciations of Lieut.

Bland's Career

From Three of His Old Officers.

Once more the death-angel has visited Winnipeg! The chariot was lowered on Sunday morning, and our much-be-

loved comrade, Lieut. Bland, was taken to join the Blood-washed around the throne.

It was with sorrowful feelings that I received a wire just previous to going to meeting Sunday evening, acquainting me with his promotion.

Twice have I bid my comrade for my aide, and learned to love him for his sterling worth; every inch a man, a loyal Lieutenant, a faithful soldier of Jesus, and a Salvationist! he was loved by all.

While visiting a comrade, prior to his leaving Grafton, a few weeks ago, he remarked that he was not feeling well, but said, "If you're faithful, sister, we'll meet in heaven."

He was a practical religion, and his delight was to be made useful. He was an earnest Bible student, and constantly waited on God.

His daily life He has been made a blessing and help to many, and his career, as an officer, though short, has been blessed and useful of God in winning souls.

May God bless and comfort the dear bereaved relatives—John F. Herringshaw, Capt.

When in charge of the Rat Portage Garrison and corps I had a good opportunity of knowing what kind of a life Lieut. Bland lived, as a soldier and Cadet. The first impression that was made on my mind was that he was a thorough Salvationist and ought to be an officer.

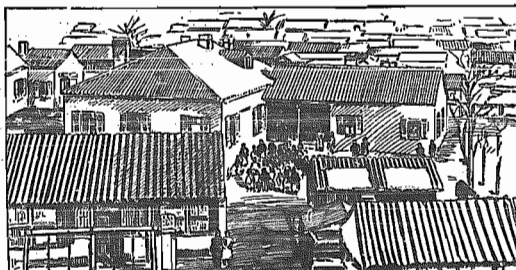
That impression became stronger as I watched his life. I never knew anyone more conscientious in small things than Lieut. Bland; and when he came to the Garrison, a short time before I left, his joy was complete. There were some more talented than he was, but I don't believe a person could be found who doubted the sincerity and the godliness of Lieut. Bland. His life was a blessing to all who knew him.

I will never forget one Monday that he came and told me how good God was to him. It was a month or two after he started to lay away one-tenth of his income expressly for the Kingdom. His words were, "Captain, but God good to me since I put by my tenth? I have never been out of work, and this morning the boss has given me another twenty-five cents a day, making two dollars and a quarter. I don't know why he's so good to me, but I am about the youngest one on the job. I guess it's God's work. And I received a letter with some money in this morning that I had given up all hopes of ever seeing. I believe it is because I give Him a tenth. I shall always do it."

I feel that the S. A. has lost one of its most godly boys in the promotion of Lieutenant Bland—H. Wilkins, Capt.

I first met Lieut. Bland while in the Rat Portage Training Garrison as a Cadet, the Lieutenant then fighting in the ranks as a private soldier. He always lifted the banner of the Cross high among those of his companions, and he was loved by them all. He felt God called him to be an officer, and he came into training. After some months he became my Lieutenant, and we fought side by side for nearly five months. I always felt that he could be trusted, always ready, always cheerful, and he brought comfort and consolation to me. His childlike faith in God seemed to take hold of me, and lifted me heavenward. He was fully sanctified and set apart for God and His work. His last words to me were "Fight on, Captain, hold fast and never let go."

AT THE MERCY OF THE CHINESE.



The Methodist University at Pekin, China.

Winnipeg War Items.

There has never been a time during the history of this branch of the Salvation Army work when the officers were so over-crowded with work, especially since the hot weather set in. The League of Mercy goes about visiting the sick, carrying messages of love and cheer to the over-crowded rooms of our tenement blocks, as well as helping with a few extra those who are not in a position to purchase them for themselves.

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The Rescue Home, too, has been doing a big work; the results are marvelous, when one takes into consideration the size of the place, and the heavy expenses in connection with running it. Last year, 1899, 93 girls passed through the Home. Of that number only three proved unsatisfactory. In addition, 39 children were cared for in the Home.

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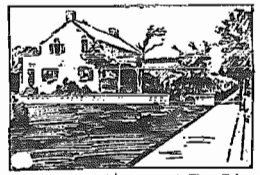
Four of the girls were married during the year, and are doing well. There are 21 in the Home at the present time. The League of Mercy and Rescue Home jointly, are giving a lawn social on the Rescue Home grounds, 481 Yonge St., to-night (Wednesday, June 27th), the proceeds to assist in paying for literature, etc., for the patients in the hospital, and fruit, etc., for the poor.

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The officers promise an enjoyable and profitable evening. A good brass and string band will render music during the evening from 8 to 10 p.m. Ice cream, fruit, and cake will be served. The grounds will be gaily decorated with Chinese lanterns, flags, bunting, etc.

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And in view of what the Army is doing for the "Fresh Air" undertaking, they should be a big turnout this evening.—Winnipeg Tribune, 27th June.



Missionary Headquarters at Tien Tsin, China, Recently Bombed by Chinese.

A Central Prison Report.

I feel it is my duty to say a few words with regard to the work of saving souls that has been carried on here for the last three weeks in the Central Prison. I cannot speak too highly of the service that has been rendered to us by the Army officers, and the interest that Dr. Jackson and Staff-Capt. Archibald have taken in us.

They have pleaded with us in the time of our trouble, and their kind words have been the means of bringing many a lost soul to the feet of Christ.

If the Staff-Captain would only put on our uniform, we might claim him as one of ourselves, as he spends the most of his time with the boys. I pray and trust that the good work that has been done may stand. Personally, I have been much helped and blessed during these meetings, and there are others that can say the same. I pray to God that He may keep me faithful.—Phillip Moutche, Central Prison.

G. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Clitham, Thursday, July 19.
Thamesville, Friday, July 20.
Bothwell, Sat. and Sun., July 21, 22.
Dresden, Wed. and Thurs., July 25, 26.

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ENSIGN PERRY.

Valley City, Thurs. and Fri., July 19, 20.
Jamestown, Sat. and Sun., July 21, 22.
Blomack, Mon. and Tues., July 23, 24.

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

A See-Saw Pastime—Would it be Wise to Swap Horses?—Bro. Snibbins in Raptures—The Eastern Star Behind a Cloud—The Captain Took a Drink!

NOTES BY ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province	83
West Ontario Province	77
East Ontario Province	63

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton I.	129
Mrs. Lightheart, Hamilton I.	100
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	90
Lieut. Leggett, Barrie	78
Lieut. Boue, Brantford	74
Sergt. Mrs. Bowbeer, Ligar St.	69
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	68
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	60
Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	60
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	58
Capt. Brant, Omemee	55
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	52
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	50
Capt. McLean, Collingwood	49
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	49
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	50
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	45
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	45
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	43
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	40
Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	40
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	40
Sergt. Gills, Yorkville	40
Adj. Winstanley, Barrie	40
Capt. Haskinson, Parry Sound	37
Lieut. Stickels, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott	37
Sergt. Tuck, Temple	35
Lieut. McGregor, Faversham	35
Adj. Winstanley, Barrie	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Capt. Peole, Chesley	35
Capt. Stephens, Newmarket	35
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket	35
Capt. White, Riverside	35
Adj. Winstanley, Barrie	35
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	35
Adj. Searr, Ligar St.	35
Bro. Dixon, Temple	35
Sergt. Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	35
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	35
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott	35
Can. J. Smith, Midland	35
Sister Bolton, Temple	35
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Stickels, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Carvantine, Bowmanville	35
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	35
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I.	35
Corps-Cadet Murdoch, Hamilton I.	35
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	35
Lieut. Gidolph, Aurora	35
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	35
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Ligar St.	35
Edythe Pollard, Oakville	35
Sergt. E. Howell, Riverside	35
Bro. Moore, Lippincott	35
Capt. Pales, Midland	35
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	35
Sister McQuig, Temple	35
Sergt. J. Dauberville, Hamilton I.	35
Capt. Capper, Kinnmount	35
Sergt. Ruston, Ligar St.	35
Capt. Ross, Yorkville	35
P. S. M. Courtmacche, Norland	35
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	35
F. M. Stude, Brantford	35
Mrs. Small, St. Catharines	35
Sergt. Moore, Yorkville	35
Can. Kennedy, Yorkville	35
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	35
Sister Bowman, Temple	35
Capt. Richmond, Temple	35
Sister Gilmert, Temple	35
S. M. Bradley, Temple	35

The Ontario Provincials are indulging in a prodigious game of see-saw! Fine sport during this heated condition of the atmosphere, I admit.

Alas, poor Nig—no, I mean Arab! It is a question, after all, whether Major McMillan hadn't better swap horses. I wouldn't advise him to do anything rash; but after due consideration, he finds he can do better with another steed, then I say swap! "Bis-hop" Blackburn, one of his D. O's, used to be an authority on horses, especially those of the Circle Corps variety, and I don't doubt he would be able to give his Provincial Officer some valuable suggestions on what kind of a horse to get.

Dear Brother Snibbins does the lightning change on his features again this week, but the sequel is a happier one than last week's. I wonder what next week will bring forth. Never can tell, you know.

It is rather unfair to East Ontario that the last peg of their becomers' East failed to reach us. Please search in the waste-paper basket, dear comrade in the office, and see if it didn't drop into it accidentally. It is just possible that East Ontario would have been second this week had not this unfortunate affair occurred.

THE "EAST vs WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 98	North-West. 47
Pacific	45
Nowfound'd 17	
Klondike	2
Totals .. 98	111

The competing forces in this class are also doing some see-sawing.

The Pacific comes boldly to the front, and bids fair to outstrip the North-West.

Newfoundland, while not up to high-water mark, is doing better. They should be sending us at least 30 names by this time, seeing that they reached 20 some time ago.

The following clipping is from the Clinton News-Record, and is well worthy of a place in this column. Success to you, Capt. Campbell.

"Capt. Campbell, the zealous officer in command of the Salvation Army local corps, is quick-witted. While returning from Blythe on a War Cry selling trip on Friday last, he stopped at London, and among the places visited there was the hotel. Stepping up to the bar, at which two or three men were 'having something,' he asked the man who was apparently doing the treating if he would buy a War Cry. 'Yes, if you will drink with us,' was the answer. 'All right, promptly responded the Captain, and turning to the bar-tender he said, 'I'll take a glass of water.' The company enjoyed Capt. Campbell's ready wit, and bought War Cry all round."

Bro. J. Plumtree, Midland	20
Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Corps-Cadet McKeone, Huntsville	20
Capt. H. Lister, Uxbridge	20
Lieut. Marshall, Richmond St.	21

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.

Lieut. Smith, London	213
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	225
Capt. Campbell, Clinton	115
Lieut. Malisey, Goderich	119
Capt. Crawford, Stratford	110
Capt. Holman, Chatham	110
S. M. Bateman, Stratford	107
Ensign Lisle, Leamington	109
Lieut. Kuuske, Galt	92
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	70
Ensign Green, Windsor	59
Capt. P. S. Mearns,	55
Capt. Green, Windsor	55
Capt. Heaster, St. Thomas	55
Lieut. Ringler, Simcoe	70
Annie Wright, Ingersoll	68
Capt. Williams,	100
Anna Burns, Dresden	66
Sister Foster, Petrolia	65
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	63
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Ensign Gamble, Wingham	60
Mrs. Geo. Downs, Chatham	57
Capt. Freeman, Berlin	57
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich	52
Sister Burns, Petrolia	50
Capt. Dowell, Senfouth	50
Capt. Johnson, Forest	50
Lieut. Frank,	50
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex	50
Lieut. Stickels, Sarnia	46
Ensign Wakefield, London	45
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	45
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	45
Lieut. Cook,	45
Lieut. Kennedy, Blenheim	44
Lieut. Winter, Palmerston	44
Treas. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	43
Capt. Bouney, Wyoming	40
F. Palmer, London	40
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London	40
Capt. Burrows, Bayfield	40
Capt. Wiseman, Listowell	40
Eva Simpson, Guelph	40
Capt. Cow, Hespeler	38
Lieut. Earley, Norwich	38
Lieut. Crawford, Hespeler	38
Medgar Broadbelt, Kingsville	37
Mrs. Dr. Green, Bridgetown	35
Treas. Capt. Seaford	35
Lieut. Beach, Forest	35
Capt. Gibson, Paris	35
Lieut. Hawwood, Wallaceburg	35
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	35
Capt. Hazcock, Ingersoll	35
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	35
Sergt. Deaering, Hespeler	30
Capt. Hastings, Essex	27
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	26
Lieut. Thompson, Bothwell	25
Capt. White, Blenheim	25
Capt. Copeman, Thorndon	25
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	25
Sergt. Fletcher, Stratford	25
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	25
Capt. Carr, Watford	25
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	20
Father Christner, Dresden	20
J. Fleming, London	20
Mrs. J. Smith, London	20
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	20
Marshall Bent, Wallaceburg	20
Mrs. Hawkins, St. Thomas	20
Susie Hooper, St. Thomas	20
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	20
Pro. Ellis, Sarnia	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

63 Hustlers.

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	200
Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa	122
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	122
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	115
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pictou	110
Capt. O'Neil, St. John	105
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	94
Capt. Tytus, Arnprior	88
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	85
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	80
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	77

Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	75
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	75
Mrs. Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	65
Lieut. Heale, Port Hope	65
Capt. Gross, Prescott	65
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	65
Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Capt. McNaney, Sherrbrooke	55
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke	55
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	55
Ensign Yereb, Brockville	55
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal II.	50
Capt. Owen, Canticoke	50
Capt. Green, Perth	50
Capt. Pitcher, Morrisburg	50
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Burch, Newport	50
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	50
Capt. Gammage, Sandou	50
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	49
Capt. Veir, Millbrook	49
Capt. Wood, Pembroke	49
Capt. Raudall, Renfrew	46
Lieut. Cooke, Montreal II.	42
Sergt. McCorkel, Ottawa	41
Lieut. Carter, Morrisburg	41
Capt. Weir, Millbrook	41
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	40
Sister Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	40
Sister Merchand, St. Johnsbury	40
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	40
Mrs. Stone,	40
Sergt. Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	40
Capt. Stacey, Gananoque	40
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	36
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	35
Lieut. Lang, Napuque	35
Capt. Stainforth, Napuque	35
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	32
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	32
Sergt. Jewell, Pictou	30
Capt. Slater, Bloemfield	30
Mrs. Green, Perth	30
Capt. Blais,	30
Capt. Crogo, Brockville	30
Capt. Tilley, Kemptonville	28

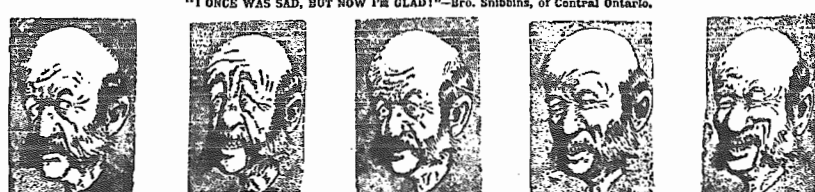
EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

US Hustlers.

Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown	385
Capt. U. Piercey, Sydney	145
J. McQueen, Moncton	130
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	115
Mrs. Hargrave, St. John	115
Mrs. Sallors, Hamilton	30
Lieut. McKie, Campbellton	110
Capt. Armstrong, Halifax I.	110
S. M. Vienot, Halifax II.	110
Capt. Allen, Charlton	105
Capt. T. Thompson, Glace Bay	100
Nonh Flood, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	100
Cadet Redmond, St. John I.	100
Sergt. Cenrad, Halifax I.	94
Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	85
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	85
Lieut. Wyatt, Chatham	80
Cadet Fraser, St. John I.	80
Capt. Ryan, Truro	70
Lieut. Lehans, Truro	70
Lieut. N. Smith, Digby	70
Lieut. Dwyer, Yarmouth	70
Lieut. Northwood, North Sydney	70
Ensign Wright, St. John	60
Capt. Goodwin, Somerset	60
Capt. Cowan, Southampton	60
Capt. Bradbury, Springfield	60
Capt. Fleming, Hamilton	60
Lieut. Newell, New Glasgow	60
S. M. MacDonald, St. John V.	55
F. Tucker, Somerset	50
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	50
O. Clark, Bridgewater	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Galt, Amherst	50
Lieut. Pemberton, Amherst	50
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Halifax II.	45
Ensign Jennings, Springfield	45
N. Betts, New Glasgow	45
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	45
J. Hardwick, Bridgetown	45

"I ONCE WAS SAD, BUT NOW I'M GLAD!"—Bro. Snibbins, of Central Ontario.



Alas, Poor Nigger!

Oh? First this week?

No?

Well, I declare!

Hurrah for Nigger!